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ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S AFRICAN JOURNAL

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 20, 1971 60 CENTS

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR / PRO FOOTBALL
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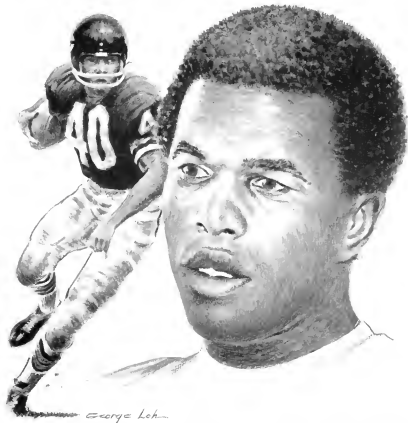
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Marlboro, 4/13 1st Place, J. Kelly
Stuttgart, 4/20, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Cumberland, 5/17, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Watkins Glen, 8/5, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Lake Afton, 8/17, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Saw Lake, Labor Day, 1st Place, L. Mueller
San Marcos, Labor Day, 1st Place, T. Waugh
Bryar, Labor Day, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Gateway, 5/21, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Pocono, 10/11, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, Thanksgiving, 1st Place, J. Kelly

1970

Pocono, 5/2 1st Place, K. Slagle
Wentzville, 5/25, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Riverside, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Barker
Wentzville, 7/4, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Aronson
Olathe, 7/19, 1st Place, J. Speck
Pittsburgh, 8/2, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, 8/2 1st Place, H. Le Vasseur
Watkins Glen, 8/16, 1st Place, J. Aronson
Lake Afton, 8/16, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Green Valley, 10/22, 1st Place, J. Speck

1971

Riverside, 2/14, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Dallas, 2/14, 1st Place, J. Ray
Phoenix, 2/27, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Arkansas, 2/27, 1st Place, J. Ray
Willow, 3/14, 1st Place, M. Meyer
Sulger, 4/18, 1st Place, J. Ray
Summit Pt., 4/18, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Arkansas, 4/27, 1st Place, J. Kelly
San Marcos, 5/2, 1st Place, R. Knowlton
Bridgehampton, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Cumberland, 5/16, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Lime Rock, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Caun, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Speck
Portland, 6/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Thompson, 8/13, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Laguna, 6/20, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Kelly
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The Next Issue

(dated Jan. 3, 1972)

THE SECOND SEASON, which closes with Super Bowl VI, opens with the NFL divisional playoffs. Tex Maule and John Underwood will be there to tell you the inside stories.

UCLA OF THE EAST, or just another ACC also-ran? A report by Curry Kirkpatrick on Tom McMillen, Lefty Driesell and Maryland's troubled rise to national prominence.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

It is reflection time, also drink-a-toast time, and we feel we should share with you the fact that this has been a fine year for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Never have our advertisers found us more attractive, and never have you, our readers, subscribed in such numbers or reacted with such enthusiasm to what we have offered. It also has been the year we substantially increased our use of color photography and art, an advancement that we feel has resulted in a more vigorous and stimulating magazine.

Now we are able to end this special year in fitting fashion, with the presentation of a story that ranks as a contribution to the rich literature of sport: Ernest Hemingway's *African Journal*. It is not unusual for us to publish a writer of such stature: Faulkner, Steinbeck, O'Hara, Dos Passos, Yevushenko, Fowles and other renowned authors have appeared in our pages before. But this is the first time we have run at such a length—55,000 words—a major work.

Hemingway's subject is hunting, and that in itself makes *African Journal* of unusual interest, for the entire concept of hunting is undergoing stern examination today. Increasingly, there is an ambivalence about the sport, even among those who love it. That this should happen is understandable in a time when there is less space for all of us, less game, and the need for an accommodation with the natural world becomes more obvious. John Fowles dealt with this ecological issue here exactly a year ago in a memorable essay (*Wrecks, Bugs, Americans*, *SL*, Dec. 21, 1970). Although *African Journal*—which in part concerns a lion shot by his wife Mary (above)—was written between 1954-56, Hemingway was already going through a similar assessment of the sport he was so fond of. "The time of shooting beasts for trophies was long past with me," he wrote. Indeed, Hemingway's journal of his 1953 safari is a far more immediate statement about man and nature than one would have reason to expect from its period of authorship.

This year-end issue includes another



procedures et l'impact économique

commentary on the essence of sport, one quite differently expressed, but meaningful, too. Photographer Mark Kauffman, armed with camera and thesis, attended many of 1971's biggest events to get on film, through a distinctive use of double-exposure techniques, the interrelationship of athletic performer and spectator. He would shoot a roll of film of the crowd, rewind it, put it back in his camera and shoot a roll of action. The next step for Kauffman was something like opening Christmas presents, since he never knew what he had, or did not have, until he saw the developed slides. Many of his surprises were pleasant ones, as the photo essay beginning on page 98 shows.

And, of course, there is the rest of our usual holiday package: the Sportsman of the Year, the news, the bowl previews, Charles Goren's Christmas quiz. Which brings us to the end of another year. The next issue (dated Jan. 3) will reach you just before No. 1 Nebraska takes on No. 2 Alabama—our way of saying New Year's Day. Meanwhile, a most happy Christmas to you all.

Rich Munro

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When they started streamlining the football in 1912, they put the forward pass in business, but in the process they killed off an honored and exciting maneuver, the dropkick. Once the ball had lost its blimpy, pug-nosed contour, the dropkick was too difficult to execute, and gradually became a forgotten weapon. The loss seems insignificant when weighed against the offensive innovations the sleeker football permitted, but the dropkick experts of football's hamburger days were pivotal in the arsenals of several teams, and their heroics were often colorful.

An entire generation has grown up since the last game was won or lost by means of a dropkicked field goal or extra point, and many fans probably have never seen such a kick executed, even in practice. The kicker held the ball about the way a punter does today, but with the front end slightly more downward. In dropping it he let the nose fall at a fairly steep angle, bringing his leg back and then forward to meet the ball just after it hit the ground. Kicked properly, the ball then took off much as a placekick.

Since field goals were once worth more points than touchdowns (five points until 1904), the ability to kick was more important in football offenses of that era. It was legal, for a time, to kick a field goal on plays like punt returns. This meant kicking the ball on the run, of course, giving some clue to why the dropkick was preferred over the placement.

The 1899 Wisconsin-Minnesota game was broken open by just such a maneuver. During a scoreless ball game, the Gophers punted to Wisconsin's Pat O'Dea. When he saw Minnesota's Gil Dobie coming up for a tackle, reported one Minnesota football historian, "Pat threw the ball down and slightly to his right; and as it rose from the ground caught it with his right toe and sent it sailing for the goal. The ball rose, drove to the left and passed between the goalposts as true as a die." Even so, it was not O'Dea's best effort. In 1898 he kicked one for 62 yards against Northwestern.

O'Dea had plenty of long-range company. Jim Thorpe used to dropkick 50-yards from all angles during practices at Carlisle. "It was just for something to do," he told Coach Pop Warner. George Capron of Minnesota took his kicks more seriously. The Gophers scored only 33 points in 1907, and Capron accounted for 44 of them with drop-

The Kick Football Dropped

Since Bill Garnaas beat Michigan with one in '42, dropkicks have become the game's most endangered species by DICK GORDON

kicked field goals at four points each.

Through the 1920s the dropkick remained a scoring device, though an increasingly rare one. As the ball got more elliptical, kickers began having trouble bouncing it properly. The running dropkick became almost impossible. Then came the rule change, and once the kicker was forced to remain stationary there seemed no reason not to have the ball held by another player. Gradually, the placekick took over. Still, a few practitioners survived through the 1930s. Albie Booth won a couple of games for Yale (against Princeton 10-7 in 1930 and Harvard 3-0 in '31) with dropkicks. As late as 1939 Nile Kinnick, the star of Iowa's Iron Men, began dropkicking because, said one Iowa football authority, "He just enjoyed it more."

And then there was Bill Garnaas of Minnesota. It is impossible to absolutely confirm the fact, since the NCAA does not keep this kind of record, but there is every indication that Garnaas was the last dropkicker to win a football game with his toe. This happened in 1942 against Michigan on what amounted to a busted play, and it was one of the least artistic dropkicks in history.

Kicking was one of Bill Garnaas' passions. It did not matter whether it was a dropkick, punt or placement; he loved getting his foot into the ball. The open spaces around his boyhood home gave him ample scope to pursue his mania. When he enrolled at the University of Minnesota, he was put right to work. The Gophers were at the end of their previous domination of the Big Ten, having had their string of 18 straight victories broken by Iowa Navy Preflight three weeks before the Michigan game. A contributing factor in the loss was Garnaas' absence with an injured knee. By the Michigan game, however, he was back in shape, apparently kicking as well as ever. One story said he placekicked 90 straight points—after in his first postinjury drill, and his punts were spiraling 50 yards.

Both Michigan and Minnesota were in Big Ten contention at that time, with the Little Brown Jug an added inducement. Minnesota had held the Jug since 1934, lending a certain intensity to the Wolverine cause. The game turned out as close as predicted. It was 7-7 late in the first half when Minnesota took over at midfield. The Gophers drove to the three-yard line, but now the clock had run down to a few seconds and Minnesota had used its time-outs. In the final huddle, Garnaas yelled, "Field goal on the count of three." He meant a placekick, of course.

Minnesota lined up, Herm Friskey kneeling to hold the ball for Garnaas. Suddenly, Garnaas looked up and saw how little time was left. Friskey panicked, jumping to his feet and yelling, "Dropkick it, Bill, there isn't time!" Once the ball was snapped, the play—placement or dropkick—would be allowed to finish in any case, but everyone seems to have forgotten this fact. The ball was snapped to Garnaas on the 11-yard line. As he stepped forward to kick, the gun went off. Garnaas let go with the first dropkick he had ever tried in competition.

His timing was bad. The ball hit the ground, but instead of his foot meeting it smartly at that instant, Garnaas allowed the ball to bounce up an inch or two. Now his instep, not his toe, made contact. The ball took off in a vertical spiral and wavered through the air toward the goalposts. "The gun going off didn't help my timing any," Garnaas protested later. "I also made the mistake of looking up and not following through."

No matter. The ball sliced right inside the left upright and died as it cleared the crossbar. Another inch to the left or another inch lower and it would never have made it. Minnesota went on to win the game 16-14, making the Garnaas boot an historic event, rather than a forgotten novelty. With that, the dropkick died forever.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CRAWLER

EDGE OF DISASTER

The scandal in Illinois involving Otto Kerner, now a federal judge, who reportedly made eye-opening profits from racetrack stock when he was governor of that state, serves as a reminder that racing, for all its vaunted self-regulation, is always on the edge of disaster. It is not only the rare lived race (Illinois is looking into something along that line, too, and New York is concerned about hints that some of its jockeys have on occasion been riding in concert); it is the *chicane* that so often occurs behind the scenes. There was the recent mess in New York, where a prominent owner and two leading trainers were caught in flagrant violation of rules against undercover ownership of horses and against associating with undesirable. There are repeated rumors about certain veterinary practices. There is criticism of racing's antiquated rules structure—administrators are afraid to move vigorously against offenders because of the threat of legal reprisal. There is concern because the capital vital to racing's continued health is coming less and less from the old established names and more and more from operators whose normal habitat, at the very least, is on the edge of the underworld.

Racing tends to counterpunch, waiting for things to happen before reacting. This may be because the sport is so often subject to the vagaries of politicians, but that's not a sufficient excuse. Racing would be wise to cleanse and invigorate itself right now.

BIG RED CHAUVINISTS

There are those who feel that Ed Marinero of Cornell was jobbed when Pat Sullivan of Auburn won the Heisman Trophy. Of this persuasion are three men in San Francisco—Robert Freeman, Peter Lee and Dick Bradley—who run a restaurant called Victoria Station. When Marinero appears in San Francisco at the end of the month for the East-West game, the trio will give him a tro-

phy of his own as outstanding college player of the year. They call it the Wiseman Trophy (there were these three wise—yes, you've got it), and they plan to make an annual thing of it. They say they are going to second-guess the Heisman every year.

Maybe they will. But it is only fair to point out that this year there seems to be a small point of special interest involved. When Freeman, Lee and Bradley announced that Marinero of Cornell had won the Wiseman by a unanimous 3-0 vote, they let slip that by odd coincidence all three voters happened to be graduates of—well—Cornell.

MELTING POT

One of the few sports in which Eastern colleges have regularly earned national recognition and respect is ice hockey. That superiority is now threatened by a schism over the use of freshmen on varsity teams. Earlier this year, hockey-playing colleges in the Eastern College Athletic Conference came out against freshmen, but in September a general meeting of the ECAC voted in favor of their use. After that, despite their earlier vote, some of the hockey schools decided to go ahead and use freshmen anyway. The hockey-happy Ivy League remained strongly opposed to the idea.

As a result, Dartmouth has already canceled games with Northeastern, Army, Colgate and New Hampshire, all of which are going to use freshmen, and Harvard says it will follow. Dartmouth's lead next year, Ivy powers like Cornell and Harvard will no longer be able to play schools like Boston University, currently the NCAA hockey champion, since B.U. probably will use freshmen, too, next season.

This means an inevitable decline in the quality of the sport in the East. For example, about the nearest college hockey comes to a bowl game is the annual Beanpot Tournament at Boston Garden, which regularly sells out for the round robin battle among Boston University,

Boston College, Northeastern and Harvard. Without Harvard, the Beanpot is just a pot—no more glamour. Without such high level competition, Eastern hockey is bound to suffer. What does it profit hockey to gain a freshman if it loses its bowl?

ONCE MORE, DEAR FRIENDS

Man, you can't keep those chickens down. They win one when a rooster nips up an eagle (See CARD, Nov. 15), they lose one when that battle turns out to be hokey (SCORECARD, Nov. 22). But they hang in there, and now comes a story from *Farm Journal* about a 16-year-old California boy named Grant Sullens who has climaxed a cross-breeding experiment by producing a giant chicken "that's as mean as a hornet in your hip pocket." A prize 23-pound rooster has nipped bits of metal out of his feed bucket, bitten off the tip of a visitor's finger and shattered an intruding TV camera lens. Young Sullens says, admiringly, "I've kicked this rooster, hit him with



a bucket, slugged him when he got me down. But I haven't hurt him one bit." The females are just as tough. Three cats were killed when they innocently walked into the hen coop.

Now, where's that eagle?

WHAT'S UP, GOC?

There must be moments when Denver hopes it's all a horrible dream. The joy felt when the city was awarded the 1976 Winter Games has changed to a kind

continued

of desperate insistence that things will be O.K., things will work out. When the International Olympic Committee gave the Games to Denver, it was on the assumption that all events would be staged within 45 minutes of the city, where the Olympic Village would be located. Overlooked was the meteorological fact that snow is so sparse on the nearby eastern slopes of the Rockies that people sometimes pick wild flowers there in February. Environmentalists protested that the proposed venues, with their big crowds and heavily traveled roads, would destroy Colorado's natural beauty. The prospect of having to settle for artificial snow and running Nordic ski races through school yards and houses was not a happy one.

"Obviously, we did not have the money to do a full-scale site planning while we were bidding for the Games," says Ted Farwell, technical director of the Denver Olympic Committee, which is known locally as the DOC. The DOC has now reevaluated things and will recommend to the IOC that the downhill and cross-country events be shifted to the western side of the mountains. This makes sense, because there is plenty of snow out there and a number of established ski areas, but it negates the basic reason why Denver was given the Games in the first place, its accessibility to the action. One site being considered for cross-country skiing is in Steamboat Springs, 150 miles of road and two mountain passes from Denver. There might have to be as many as three widely separated Olympic villages, linked together by helicopters and small planes. The remoteness of the venues would certainly cut down crowds. "To a certain extent, the spectators may have to be sacrificed," says Farwell. "They may have to rely on closed-circuit TV."

Things will work out eventually—they always do—but meantime, anti-Olympic forces in Denver are taking a perverse delight in the city's difficulties. Vance Dittman, head of Protect Our Mountain Environment, says, "We're glad to see the IOC moving the Games. We hope they keep right on moving them until they end up in Switzerland."

ROLLERCOASTER

Athletes who take drugs justify the use of greenies, lidopoppers, jelly babies, bombidos or L.A. turnabouts to get themselves up for maximum effort, and zonks,

goofballs, red devils, blue angels and barbs to bring them back down from a high shelf of excitement or anticipation. The obvious danger is that an athlete will get into erratic dosages with unpredictable results. But now Dr. Donald L. Cooper, Oklahoma State's team physician, has told a conference on medical aspects of sport that studies indicate drugs apparently give the competing athlete little or no help in improving his performance.

In fact, said Cooper, "There may well be a greater correlation between drug use and losing." One instance cited was a bicycle race in Canada (cyclists have a long-standing reputation for drug use). Tests showed that none of the first six finishers and only one of the first 10 had used drugs. But those who finished seventh, 11th, 14th, 18th, 20th and 32nd had. The studies seem to show, Cooper declared, that "far more losers use drugs than winners."

ANSWER

A ninth-grade English class at Princeton Junior High in Cincinnati is occasionally given quizzes by teacher Noel Johnston to test the youngsters' awareness of the world around them. One of the questions in a recent quiz asked what the letters UCLA stood for. To Mr. Johnston's amazement—he marks a lot of papers, you know—37 of 40 students correctly answered, "University of California at Los Angeles." One thought the letters meant University of Cincinnati, conveniently ignoring the L.A. and another scrambler came up with United Citizens Law Association. But the 40th answer was the one the teacher found most apt. It said, simply, "Basketball."

NO ANSWER

Speaking of UCLA, you may have noticed that the Bruins walloped The Citadel 105-49 in Los Angeles a week or so ago. You may also have wondered how this odd mismatch—The Citadel is a small military college in South Carolina with no basketball reputation to speak of—came to be.

In the summer of 1970 Citadel Coach Dick Campbell ran into UCLA's John Wooden at a coaching clinic. "We'd love to come out to the coast to play you, coach," said Campbell to Wooden, and Wooden courteously replied, "We might work something out." Campbell was serious about trying to get a game some

distance from home that he could utilize as a recruiting gambit, but he really didn't think anything would come of the conversation. However, a few weeks later a letter arrived, offering Citadel the opening game on UCLA's 1971-72 schedule. Obviously, with a sophomore-dominated lineup, Wooden figured he could use an easy opponent at the beginning of the season. Gleelessly, Campbell booked the game.

Then, inevitably, Campbell got a better offer and went off to coach at Xavier of Cincinnati. The new Citadel coach, George Hill, came from the quiet confines of the U.S. Coast Guard Academy. It was not until Hill had signed his contract that a Citadel official finally got around to telling him, "Oh, by the way, you're playing UCLA on Dec. 3." Hill looked up and, after a moment, said, "Why?"

HIGHER PRICED SPREADS

Here are point spreads on various bowl games from the betting book at Harrah's in Lake Tahoe:

BOWL	FAVORITE	UNDERDOG	POINTS
Orange	Nebraska	Alabama	6½
Sugar	Oklahoma	Auburn	16½
Rice	Michigan	Stanford	12½
Cotton	Texas	Penn State	2½
Sun	LSU	Iowa State	12½
Liberty	Tennessee	Arkansas	1
Gator	Georgia	N. Carolina	20½
Peach	Ga. Tech	Massachusetts	2½
Fiesta	Ariz. State	Fla. State	9½
Pasadena	S. Jose St.	Memphis St.	3½
Blue Bonnet	Colorado	Houston	3½

THEY SAID IT

● Gary Hulst, Montana State basketball coach, after his team was walloped 89-57 by Missouri, which had three players weighing more than 200 pounds. "No wonder Missouri was 1-10 in football. They've got their three best linemen playing basketball."

● O. J. Simpson, on the frustration of being a Buffalo Bill: "It hurts me watching Bullock and Cronka on TV getting a lot of yardage. I feel I'm a better runner. Sometimes I wish I was in their situation. You can't run where there's no place to go."

● Calvin Griffith, owner of the Minnesota Twins, on the prospect of moving his team, which declined sharply at the gate, back to Washington now that the Senators have left town: "The only way they'd get me back to Washington is to subpoena me."

END

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Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 20, 1971

KEEPING IT SHORT AND



SWEET

in a masterly performance, Johnny Unitas pecked away at the Dolphins with quick little passes and runs as Baltimore defeated Miami to take over first in the American Conference's Eastern Division **by** *TEX MAULE*

For a long while on a bright, balmy afternoon in Baltimore last weekend time stood still. Johnny Unitas, the 38-year-old quarterback who has only recently returned to the starting lineup after a crippling injury, must have thought it was 1938, when he led the Colts to a 23-17 victory over the New York Giants in an overtime period in which he masterfully called 13 perfect plays for a world championship.

Johnny U. had to win that afternoon, he had to win on this one, and he did by the score of 14-3. At the kickoff the Miami Dolphins, a sound, strong team, led the Colts by half a game for their division title and they had beaten Baltimore 17-14 in Miami earlier in the season. Johnny U. had done well in that game until he was dazed throwing a block. He didn't block anyone last Saturday and he was superb and preeminently clearheaded.

He engineered two long, thoughtful drives for touchdowns in the first half and was the very model of an aging, clas-

sic drop-back quarterback. He took advantage of all the cracks in the Dolphin zone defense and at the half he had the Colts in front 14-0. The drives lasted nine minutes and 53 seconds and nine minutes and 36 seconds respectively and comprised a total of 14 errorless plays. It is very likely that no quarterback in the long history of professional football has ever been as good for as long.

Before the game, sitting in the training room under the stands, Unitas was massaging his right shoulder with a vibrator. The shoulder was covered with a white cream and he moved the vibrator back and forth over it methodically. He looked calm and relaxed, as he always does.

"I feel good," he said. "I can play. It's another game. We've been in big games before. We'll be in big games again. You do what you can. You can't do any more than that."

Unitas is an unheroic figure stripped, shoulders bowed in, skin almost dead white, no muscles showing anywhere.

Continued

Handing off or throwing passes, such as this faglet to Norm Bullock, Unitas was superb



not even on the right arm that has accounted for more yards and touchdowns than that of any other quarterback.

"What do you think you can do against them today?" someone asked, and Unitas looked up and smiled.

"I don't know," he said. "I'll take what they give me. They got to give you something. All you got to do is find out what it is."

Johnny U. may be the best quarterback around at receiving small gifts. The Dolphins kicked off to Baltimore, and he opened his hands. Strangely, the Dolphins came out in a 3-4 defense, one that most teams save until the end of a game when they are trying to preserve a narrow margin of victory by cutting off the long pass. It is called a "prevent defense," which may be the worst misnomer in all of sports. For Johnny U. it is an invitation.

"We were a little surprised when they tried it right away," said Bill Curry, the Colts' center. "I guess they thought Johnny would come out bombing and they wanted to take that away from him. It didn't work very well."

Against the three-man line Unitas thumped away, with Norm Bulaich and Tom Matte running the ball and taking his passes. Unitas was getting time to throw, with only three men rushing, and Matte and Bulaich were finding running room.

"Unitas was flitting the ball in between the defensive backs when we were in the three-man rush," Dolphin Coach

Don Shula said after the game. "He did everything right. We haven't played well enough to win for two weeks."

Unitas used the entire Colt repertoire on this drive. "He called everything we have," said Matte. "He knew what was going to happen and he took advantage of it. I don't think anyone else could have done as well."

And probably no one else but Matte could have done what he did so well from the Miami seven-yard line at the end of the drive. He had carried the ball twice before the touchdown, slamming over the middle for two yards and a first down at the Dolphin 10, then sweeping the left side for three.

With the ball on the seven, Matte headed off right guard, but the Dolphins were waiting for him so he planted his right foot, cut sharply back to his left and slanted away from a would-be tackler for the touchdown. If the play had been run to the left and Matte had had to make the cut off his left leg, he probably could not have done it.

"I can't trust my left knee," Matte said after the game. "I'm not sure of it. As a result of an old injury my left calf is two inches smaller than the right—it atrophied from being in a cast so long—and the left knee just doesn't feel solid. I don't think I've ever cut back better than I did on that play, but I was planting my right foot and cutting off it. If it

had been the other way, I would probably still have tried to cut off my right foot and I would have lost time and the play wouldn't have worked."

The touchdown came with five minutes and seven seconds remaining in the first quarter, and the Dolphins had not had the ball. The drive covered 81 yards in 18 impeccable plays and it underlined the return of Johnny U. as the premier quarterback in football. Hey, Joe Walsh, where are you?

Unitas began his second lesson in how to attack a modern zone defense from the Baltimore 13. By now he had chased the Dolphins out of the three-man rush and he was facing the conventional four-man line, with three linebackers and a zone much like the Colts' own. He sent Bulaich inside left tackle for eight, then faked the same play and sent him on a sweep to the left for a first down on the Baltimore 25. With the Dolphins anticipating that the Colts would run left again, Bulaich went right, behind Right Guard John Williams, and Boo rode his block for 11 yards and another first down.

At this point the Dolphins had become wary of the run and were playing up tight to stop it. Bulaich lost a yard on another sweep. Unitas came back with a screen against the short defense

Dick Anderson (49) comes up to make tackle

Matte heads toward the end zone.

Matte pulls out of Anderson's grasp to one-yard line.



and Wide Receiver Eddie Hinton took a delicate pass for 12 yards and a first down after Johnny U. had faked a hand-off to Matte, swinging wide. On the next play the Dolphins ignored Don Nottingham, who was spelling Bulaich, and Unitas threw him a short pass that he earned 10 yards for another first down.

"The linebackers were dropping off 15 yards and the defensive backs were dropping off 15 behind them," Unitas said after the game, as calm and unemotional as he had been before. "You

don't throw long into that kind of coverage unless you like to make a lot of tackles. So I threw under them, to the backs. They gave us that and I took it."

Unitas called a running play for Matte, which gained two yards, and then hit Matte under the deep drop and he carried to the Dolphin 33 for still another first down. Next Bill Stanfill, the Dolphins' strong defensive right end, made an exceptional play on a sweep, dropping Bulaich for a two-yard loss. Then

Unitas, who had been ignoring his wide receivers, sent Hinton on an out-and-in pattern and hit him beautifully as he made the break to the inside. Hinton got to the Dolphin 18 with a 17-yard gain and a first down.

Johnny U. had been going outside with his running backs, luring the Dolphin defense into cheating in that direction to stop the wide plays, so he next sent Bulaich up the middle, behind Curry's crushing block on Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti, and Boo went for six

continued

Anderson and Curtis Johnson (45) lie in and zone after collision, while Head Linesman Ray Sonnenberg signals Baltimore's first touchdown.





Hendricks lunges for interception, then whips Warfield. Later he bats down another pass.



yards. On second and four Unitas kept the ball—a complete surprise in itself since he is well past running age—and made three yards on a sneak.

From the nine, it was routine. Bulaich earned three times to the one and Matte slammed over for the touchdown and it was 14-0 and the game was over. The scoring play Unitas called was the flip to the masterful first half. He had called three running plays in a row to Bulaich, then faked to Bulaich one way, handed off to Matte a hole away to the other side and Matte brushed past a prospective tackler and scored.

In the second half the game belonged to the Colt defense. Unitas, who had thrown 13 passes and completed 12 for 103 yards in the first half (the one incompletion was a screen to Matte, which he dropped), was content to depend on his strong running game in the last two quarters and use up the clock. The Dolphins, who had the ball more often, did better than they had but not nearly well enough.

"We stayed with our game plan," said Miami Quarterback Bob Griese, "but we didn't have the ball long enough in the first half to use it." He played with a badly bruised left shoulder and he presented a strange sight in the dressing room. He is a hairy man; the right side of his torso was still hairy, but the left had been shaved so that the shoulder could be bandaged, and he was wearing an ice pack.

Paul Warfield, who caught three passes for 28 yards, well below his average, paid heartfelt tribute to the Colt defense. "They're the zoniest team in football," he said. "Rick Volk and Jerry Logan, the safeties, were taking me inside and Ray May, the linebacker, was covering me short. So we had to go outside."

Outside was covered, too, so Griese got his best results from Jim Kick, who caught seven passes coming out of the backfield. The Colt line contained both Larry Csonka and Kick on the ground and Linebackers Ted Hendricks and May came up with fourth-quarter interceptions. In a game so well played, the interceptions came as profound shocks. "I was trying to get the ball over the linebackers and I didn't make it," Griese said. "Hendricks made a great play. The receiver fell down, but he would have intercepted anyway. It was a badly thrown ball."



Baltimore's magnificent three—Linebackers Ted Hendricks, Mike Curtis and Ray May—leave the field after once again throttling a Miami drive

May's interception came in the closing moments. "We were in a three-man line with four linebackers," May said. "That made me the free linebacker. I heard Griese say something to Mercury Morris as they came out of the huddle, so I decided to go with Mercury."

Morris, who was in for Kille, ran a deep look-in, and May went with him, then looked for the ball. It was thrown to loop over his head, but he leaped high in the air for the interception.

The win, which moved the Colts into the playoffs, must have been especially satisfying to Carroll Rosenbloom, the Colt owner. Over the last few years he has had championship teams with three different coaches—Weeb Ewbank, Don Shula and Don McCafferty. The con-

stant on the Colts—and the Rams, the Cowboys and the Vikings—has been good organization. And organization begins at the top.

The Vikings, depending, as usual, upon defense, clinched the NFC Central Division title Saturday by beating Detroit 29-10. The Minnesota offense gained only 134 yards, but interceptions, a blocked punt and the recovery of a blocked field-goal attempt wiped out the Lions. It is probably not true that a Viking linebacker came off the field and told Gary Cozzo, the quarterback of the moment, "See if you can hold them," but it may be.

On Sunday the Kansas City Chiefs, depending, as usual, upon circus catches by Otis Taylor and field goals by

Jan Stenerud, just squeezed by Oakland 16-14, thereby winning the AFC Western title for themselves and also assuring Miami of a playoff berth. The Dallas Cowboys won the championship of New York City by defeating the Giants 42-14; the week before they had whipped the Jets 52-10. Dallas seems to have grown steadily stronger as Quarterback Roger Staubach matures with game experience and it could win the NFC title and the Super Bowl.

On the West Coast the Los Angeles Rams and the San Francisco 49ers are a hairbreadth apart with a week to go and there seems to be little to choose between them.

Super Bowl? A Dallas-Baltimore replay is not unlikely. **END**

GOOD TIMES COME TO CAJUN COUNTRY

Led by Dwight (Bo Pete) Lamar, Southwestern Louisiana went big time in a big way and humbled Long Beach State by WILLIAM F. REED

Someva gun we're gonna have big fun on the Bayou," Hank Williams sang 20 years ago, and that was remarkable because the Ragn' Cajuns of the University of Southwestern Louisiana weren't at all good then. They were not notorious, either, not the way they will be before this basketball season ends. The Cajuns operate out of Lafayette, La., the capital of the Bayou country, and for their mad followers they are a sort of Mardi Gras in sneakers. For the people who have to play them, another word with local flavor might be more descriptive: the word is pirates. The Cajuns throw up an intimidating front line, then send smallish Guard Dwight (Bo Pete) Lamar running around behind it with the ball. He fires away at will and, as the good folks say, "*Lousser le bon too reuler*," which is Cajun French for "Let the good times roll."

The good times rolled plenty last week when three other big, bad dudes—Long Beach State, Texas-El Paso and Pan American—made the mistake of joining Southwestern in the 11th annual Bayou classic. Pan Am had 6' 10" John Perry, the school's finest player since Luke Jackson, UTEP, which was matched against Long Beach in the opening game, came to town with Coach Don Haskins moaning about his team's lack of size and experience, but everyone knew that the Miners still played the toughest defense in the Southwest. As for Long Beach, what can be said about a team that has six pro prospects, led by 6' 6" Ed Ratleff. "I just hope we're not a fraud," said Coach Jerry Tarkanian.

Going into the tournament the three visiting clubs had one thing in common. They were unbeaten. Southwestern, unaccountably, had lost its opener to Eastern Kentucky 105-99 on the road. But that was only a small oversight. The Cajuns, playing as a major college for the first time this season, redeemed themselves on the Monday before the classic, ripping highly regarded Houston 97-88 at home. They led by as many as 18 points and Lamar gunned in 41. "Yeah," he said, "it was a bad night." Lamar, it seems, was not hitting the long, looping jumpers that he customarily makes from somewhere deep in the bleachers.

The first game on Friday night was no preparation for what soon would fol-

Flying in at the end of a dippy doodle, Lamar scores an easy basket against Pan Am.



low. The outcome really wasn't settled until, 51 seconds from the end, 5' 9" Beto (Taco) Bautista, the UTEP floor leader, was whistled for walking. Ratleff then dribbled through all the Miners and got the basket that broke the game open, Long Beach winning 74-64. "He's the one who killed us," said Haskins as he wiped his perspiring red face with a towel. Haskins also had kind words for Long Beach's 6' 11" Nate Stephens, whose 14 rebounds helped the 49ers to an overpowering 58-29 edge. Haskins and Stephens are old friends, having first met in El Paso, Nate's home town. Indeed, UTEP is one of the six schools Stephens has attended in his dogged pursuit of a higher education.

And then it was time for the *Ragin'* Cajuns, who, in a sense, are the perfect team for Lafayette, which may be the No. 1 fun city in the nation (69,000 class). The townspeople, who remind you that their Acadian country was a setting for Longfellow's epic poem *Evangeline* with such commemorative monuments as the Evangeline Hair Salon, the Evangeline Trailer Park and Evangeline Downs thoroughbred racing track, like gumbo, black cajun coffee hot pants, all-night bars, crawfish, swamps, red-necks, politics and, of course, Southwestern and Bo Pete Lamar, a Western movies buff. Bo Pete's favorite is *The Wild Bunch*, and on Friday against Pan American, he came out with all guns blazing. Southwestern's first half offense, in fact, consisted of two plays: Lamar firing and, lamentably, missing from 30 feet while Roy Ebron, the Cajuns' superlative 6' 9" sophomore center, quietly policed up the scene with his neat rebounds; and, play No. 2, one of the Cajuns' three big men—Ebron, 6' 8" Wilbert Loftin or 6' 7" Fred Saunders—getting a rebound and firing a half-court pass to Lamar, who then soared off on one of his sky-hanging, dippy-doodle moves that end in easy baskets. Lamar idolizes Earl the Pearl Monroe and, like Monroe, he almost never heads straight for the basket if there is a chance to double-pump or put the ball between his legs before letting it fly. Every Cajun fan remembers the time last season when he went up, prouetted in the air and hit a 20-foot jumper. The defensive man, according to the legend, ran off the floor and straight to the locker room.

At the end of the wild, sloppy game that Southwestern won 102-83, Ebron

had 25 points and nine rebounds, while Perry, battling manfully through an average evening, scored 23 and got 10 rebounds. Lamar had only 23 points, 14 fewer than he usually gets, and some of these were a gift from his coach, Beryl Shipley. Suspecting perhaps that Lamar was pressing too hard, Shipley let him play the last five minutes despite the run-away, hoping he might find himself. Lamar was dejected when it was all over. "I thought I was five for 105," he said mockingly. "I don't know what's wrong, but tomorrow I'm going to come over here and shoot until I find out."

On Saturday night the only people in the near-capacity crowd of 8,000 cheering for Long Beach were several gentlemen from, of all places, East High School in Columbus, Ohio, which is not as strange as it might at first seem. Ratleff and Lamar both went to East High. As seniors in 1968 they took their team to the Ohio state AAA high school championship with a 25-0 record, so the school's overtime principal, the present assistant principal and track coach came to Lafayette to see the showdown between the two, who still are good enough friends that they can kid each other and no blood is spilled. Well, almost no blood.

"Eddie looks just like he did in high school," said Lamar.

"Yeah, Bo hasn't changed either," said Ratleff. "Still shooting all the time."

The Cajuns came out with a 1-3-1 trap—exactly what Tarkanian had been expecting—and the 49ers tore into it like it was just so much gumbo. With Ratleff bringing the ball up the floor, then kicking it off to either Chuck Terry or Lamont King in the corners, the 49ers hit a smashing 68% of their shots in the first half and went to the dressing room with a 41-36 lead. Meanwhile, the Cajuns were hitting only 37.1 against Tarkanian's switching defenses. And Lamar, contriving to miss his long bombs, sunk but six of his 18 shots. But Long Beach was paying a stiff price for its efficiency, with two of its big men in foul trouble. To protect them, Tarkanian went into a stall late on in the period and the crowd began to chant something that sounded suspiciously like "Go to hell, Long Beach, go to hell." The fact is, that is what they yelled.

In the second half the Cajuns switched to a man-to-man defense and the 49ers' big men, in Tarkanian's words, "were so afraid of fouling out that they just stood

around." Ebron, Loftin and Saunders began to control the boards, and more importantly, Lamar finally regained his shooting eye. In the first five minutes of the second period he hit four from downtown and fed off for two more baskets on fast breaks. Trailing 53-49, Long Beach took time out and the crowd, by now thoroughly aroused, went berserk.

The Cajuns stretched their lead to 10 points, 71-61, but then Ratleff took charge and the 49ers slowly crept back. When they tied the score at 81, on a Ratleff jumper with 1:39 left, it looked as if the big guard's great effort—he wound up with 26 points, eight rebounds and 12 assists, all team highs—might pull the game out. Unfortunately, by this time he had too much going against him. Stephens was out for having fouled out once too often while trying to stop a Lamar jumper in backcourt, and now Ebron owned the boards. Hegot a basket in close. Next the Cajuns' Payton Townsend picked up a loose ball and fed downcourt to Jerry Bisbano, who hit a driving layup over Glenn McDonald. Knocked to the floor on the play, Bisbano got up and sank a free throw to make it 86-81. The game, for all purposes, belonged to the Evangeline people. Lamar, who had 24 points in the half, scored his last two with 20 seconds left to make the final score 90-83.

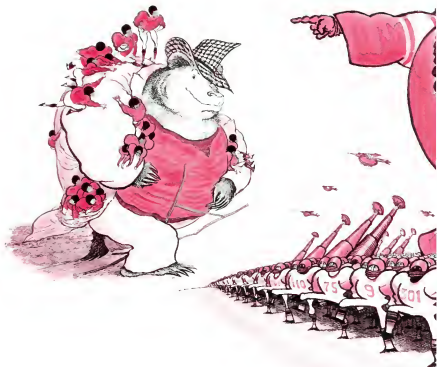
In the bedlam immediately afterward Lamar and Ratleff hugged each other and grinned. When it was announced that they were the co-winners of the outstanding player trophy, the delegates from Columbus East were the happiest people of all. Lamar ended with a game-high 38 points. "He's something," said Tarkanian, "but Ebron deserved the award with Eddie." Ebron hit 11 of 17 shots for 25 points. He also grabbed 15 rebounds as the Cajuns won that side of the contest 47-34.

Afterward nobody was thinking too far into the future, but it is conceivable that the Cajuns and 49ers will be re-matched in the NCAA semifinals at Los Angeles. In February 6' 8" Leonard Gray becomes eligible to join the 49ers and they will almost certainly be UCLA's strongest challenger in the West. As for the Cajuns, if they can knock off Dayton and Cincinnati late in the season and not allow themselves to be shot down by somebody like Louisiana Tech, they very well could enter the Midwest Regional as an at-large team and win. And then would the hot new rol.

KING CORNHUSKER GOES BEAR HUNTING

In the Orange Bowl on New Year's night, Nebraska's victorious legions
face a final challenger—Bear Bryant's Alabama *by* DAN JENKINS

Unlike the general public, bowl sponsors do not really care very much about national championships—unless, of course, they happen to luck into such a game, as the fellows in Miami did when they invited Nebraska and Alabama to play in the Orange Bowl even before they had won their showdown games with Oklahoma and Auburn. Now the Orange Bowl is ecstatic, for right there on the Poly-Turf it has the absolute grand final battle for No. 1, the only bowl game that will truly matter among the



eight or 10 thousand others to be staged through the holidays. Which doesn't mean that the Orange Bowl people weren't just as happy when all they knew was that the game was a guaranteed sell-out and there would not be a rental car or stone crab left in Miami because of all the fans that Nebraska and Alabama would bring to town, regardless of what rested on the outcome.

What nearly happened, as most everyone knows, is that the howls could have fouled up a game between No. 1

and No. 2 by inviting the teams so early. Had Oklahoma beaten Nebraska, which almost happened—as you could tell by the noise the Sugar Bowl representatives were making in the press box at Norman that fateful day—the No. 1 team would be going to New Orleans to play No. 5 while No. 2 would be confronting No. 3 in Miami.

One obvious cure would be for the NCAA to prevent any bowl sponsor from even making contact with a team rated in the Top 10 until its regular sea-

continued





THE RUNNER-UP BOWL pits Auburn's Sullivan-to-Benley against Oklahoma's lethal running game.



son is completed. No one seems able to explain why it was so desperately critical for the bowls to pick their teams on Nov. 20 instead of Nov. 27.

The whole dilemma of who's No. 1 could be solved for everybody, especially the public, if the NCAA would make one simple, all-too-sensible decision. Let the bowls go about their business of matching up as many Southeastern Conference teams as they wish, but, meantime, institute something on the order of a national playoff. Even if it happens to be nothing more than a single game between No. 1 and No. 2 *after* the bowls. For the benefit of the Hall of Fame, or Walter Byers, or anybody. Just play it.

But of course if that were to happen and we were to have something better than a voting-booth decision for the national championship each year, it would take away a lot of the fun for a group of widely traveled gentlemen known as "bowl representatives."

Bowl representatives are amusing people who start turning up at football games in late September to "scout" prospective teams, and one wonders what they race home to report. That Penn State has a fine cornerback and therefore ought to be put on the list of Gator Bowl candidates? That Oklahoma is running the Wishbone and therefore ought to be considered a serious candidate for the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl?

It is equally hilarious that the Orange Bowl goes around pretending that it has a policy whereby it will always take the two most highly rated teams it can find. This makes you wonder three things. First, does this mean the other bowls look for the lowest-rated teams they can find? Second, if Notre Dame were No. 3 and wanted to come and Baylor were No. 2, would Miami select Baylor? And third, why didn't the Orange Bowl invite Nebraska and Oklahoma, which were the two most highly rated teams on Nov. 20?

But enough of this making sport of the Orange Bowl, for it has staggered into the one game that every other bowl would love to have—and the one everyone wants to see. Miami has the national championship game whether unbeaten Michigan likes it or not, and just about the only thing that could put the Wolverines in contention for the No. 1 post-bowl vote—assuming they beat Stanford in the Rose Bowl—would be a Nebraska-Alabama tie coupled with

continued

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a dreary performance by Oklahoma against Auburn in New Orleans.

As for the game itself, Nebraska's problems with Alabama are altogether different than they were against Oklahoma. To the untrained eye, it might seem that Alabama runs the same offense as the Sooners—the Wishbone—but Alabama does not.

Alabama's Wishbone is not nearly as deceptive or as swift around the corners, and Terry Davis, the Crimson Tide quarterback, simply is not Jack Mildren. But this does not mean that Alabama can't block and Johnny Musso can't run over people. Any team that can decisively beat the opponents Alabama has faced must do something right, and blocking and tackling is it.

Nebraska will be the same as it was on Thanksgiving Day—thorough, confident, balanced, physical and well disciplined. It will be a far more accomplished Nebraska team, with more speed and surprise than either of those sluggish Cornhusker outfits Bear Bryant defeated with quickness and pride in 1965 and 1966.

What Alabama will show Nebraska, however, is something that Coach Bob Devaney's team has not seen this season, a furious defense, bigger than usual, and one without the unstable qualities of Oklahoma's.

Nebraska is more overpowering and has greater variety than Alabama, and it probably will have more confidence since it is a team that is not astonished at itself for winning. It has a superior quarterback in Jerry Tagge, a big, pounding Jeff Kinney to counterbalance Johnny Musso, and a flying, catching Johnny Rodgers that Alabama cannot match. Defensively, Nebraska will be able to play a more normal game, shedding the panic it felt for Oklahoma's speed outside. In short, the team that beat Oklahoma will face a less accomplished Wishbone from Alabama. Which means that Alabama will have to win the game with its defense and surprises. It would seem that Bear Bryant will make sure the defense does its part, but there is no evidence that the Alabama offense has the talent to pull off the necessary surprises without a tremendous number of breaks. In short, Nebraska should win.

As for the other games earlier in the day, let us look at them in the order of their appearance on TV.

The Sugar Bowl certainly should pro-

duce more touchdowns than any other game on New Year's Day. It is difficult to imagine Oklahoma being slowed down tremendously by Auburn's defense; the Sooner Wishbone has broken a variety of records already and it gained 467 yards on Nebraska. At the same time, Terry Beasley ought to have a fairly grand afternoon fielding Pat Sullivan's fly balls in the spotty Oklahoma secondary.

Ordinarily this kind of game would be decided by emotion. Both teams have some to summon up, since each lost the game it wanted most to win. It can hardly be a secret that Oklahoma would rather be in Miami meeting Alabama and that Auburn would rather be in the same town playing Nebraska. As it is, New Orleans has become a sort of Runner-up Bowl.

Still, there's a good deal of tinsel surrounding the affair. On display, of course, will be Sullivan, winner of the Roone Arledge Memorial Trophy as the outstanding college player of the year. This award was once known as the Heisman Trophy, until the Downtown Athletic Club of New York allowed the envelope to be opened on ABC-TV at the halftime of the Georgia-Georgia Tech game. Also on display will be Oklahoma's Jack Mildren, a marvel of runner and passer who probably is a better quarterback than Sullivan. The two of them will serve up the best quarterback duel of the season, or at least the best since Mildren met Nebraska's Jerry Tagge. Like Tagge, Sullivan is primarily a thrower who can run a little while Mildren is more complete; a runner who can pass effectively. He rushed for more yards this year than any quarterback in history. Mildren's running also gave hurry-up Oklahoma two runners over the 1,000-yard mark—the other, of course, being Greg Pruitt. They were among the record 26 players who broke the 1,000 barrier in a year that belonged to rushing. But along with his 10 touchdown passes, Mildren has actually produced more scores, running and throwing, than Sullivan. And almost as many yards in total offense—and against tougher teams. So in the Runner-up Bowl it should be the Sooners.

The Cotton Bowl will also find the Wishbone wearing a paper hat. But before the kickoff it could well become known as the Personality Bowl, for it brings together two of the most quotable coaches in the land—Texas' Dar-

crossed

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BOWL PREVIEWS continued

reiff Royal and Penn State's Joe Paterno. In their different styles, Royal from the Southwest and Paterno from Brooklyn, they should wow the media daily. An air of friendship, fun and wisecracks should prevail like at no other bowl—until the kickoff. Then it will be the Eastern Establishment against Marlboro Country in a game that could also be labeled the Delayed Bowl.

Surely you remember 1969? Texas and Penn State finished their seasons undefeated and untied, but Texas won the polls and President Nixon gave the Longhorns a plaque that Paterno hoo-hawed. They might have met in that Cotton Bowl, except Penn State chose Miami, which Texans hoo-hawed, and the Dallas sponsors resolved, anyhow, that Notre Dame was willing to play a post-season game for the first time in 45 years. The argument as to which team was the better was never resolved, to Penn State's way of thinking, at least. Both the Longhorns and Nittany Lions won in the bowls and finished their campaigns at 11-0. Texas got all the trophies, however, and the last hoo-haw.

Now, two years later, they meet at last, but this time neither is unbeaten. Texas lost back-to-back games in mid-season to Oklahoma and Arkansas, while Penn State was humiliated by Tennessee in its final game. Nevertheless, it should be a fascinating contest, particularly if Texas Quarterback Eddie Phillips can play effectively. With most of their people well, the Longhorns are not bad. And Penn State is better than most Texans probably think. There will be some fine, familiar names on the field, doing their things for the last time as collegians. Players like Texas' Phillips and Jim Bertelsen and Penn State's Lydell Mitchell, who almost scores touchdowns during tme-outs, and Franco Harris. It will be close.

The Rose Bowl no longer causes the excitement it once did, even though one of the teams, Michigan, is undefeated. This in itself speaks for the sophistication of the modern college fan. Did anyone ever think he would see the day when a Big Ten team could go undefeated and untied, as Michigan did, and wind up No. 4 in the national polls?

It was to the credit of the voters, of course, that they recognized the fact that the Big Ten looked again like a Medium Two. As good as Michigan might have been at times during the regular sea-

continued

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son, the Wolverines never had a chance to prove it against the endless lineup of lightweights they faced. Even so, they were fortunate to win their last two games—over Purdue, which only lost seven times, and a “down-year” Ohio State team.

None of this has made Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler happy. He forbore from chewing up sideline markers, as Woody Hayes did, but he did turn on the writers once, which was a larger mistake. Bo somehow worked it out in his head that the writers were to blame for Michigan's unlofty rating. If they were, they must have been playing for the mediocre Purdue team that held Michigan to a narrow victory in the last 43 seconds. After which Schembechler had the audacity to say, “We are the best.”

Meanwhile, leaving the Big Ten to its dreams of yesteryear—to those days before it began to get outrecruited and outcoached by the Big Eight—there is the mystery of Michigan's Pasadena opponent, Stanford.

Last season Stanford had Jim Plunkett and as good a team as anybody on most days. But while it could get high for the big ones—USC, Arkansas, Ohio State—it had a tendency to dismiss contests which didn't seem to matter in the Pacific Eight race. Stanford was caught snoozing three times in 1970—against Purdue, Air Force and California. This time Coach John Ralston's team did it again, only worse.

The Indians had Don Bunce instead of Plunkett, granted, but Bunce did a pretty good Plunkett imitation, finishing second in the nation in total offense. Moreover, Stanford had a better defense than a year ago. So what happened? Well, Stanford lost to Duke, Washington State and San Jose State, three teams which normally couldn't be expected to beat anyone except perhaps each other. And this was a Stanford team that beat USC a little worse than Oklahoma did.

What all of this means is that the Rose Bowl will be decided by what kind of mood Stanford is in, or how much support Bo Schembechler gets from the men of literature. Ah, but heck, Michigan and Stanford inaugurated bowls way back in 1902, right there in Pasadena. Let there be nostalgia at least. But let's get it over with so we can get down to the game that matters, the one in lucky old Miami.

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A COMMON MAN WITH AN UNCOMMON TOUCH

For his superlative performance—in one month he won three national championships—and, even more, for adding a new dimension to his sport, Lee Trevino earns the award for 1971

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

If golf ever needed a certain kind of a man to dull the harsh scorn of its critics, he was found in 1971. Golf found

Lee Trevino, a common man with an uncommon touch who has bewitched, bothered and bewildered the custodians of the game's mores. What Lee Trevino has done is take the game out of the country club boardroom and put it in the parking lot where everybody—not just doctors and lawyers but Indian chiefs, too—can get at it. Trevino's special appeal is to the poor, the minorities, the people who before his emergence as a star could never make a reality of golf the way they could of baseball, say, or football or boxing. This distinction is never more apparent than when Trevino stands against the other eminences of the game: Palmer and Nicklaus, Casper and Flayer.

For the most part, these men had earned and cornered what present-day big-time golf was about before Lee Trevino—big homes with swimming pools, conglomerates, armies of middle-class

followers. Then he came along, exploding our myths, massaging our viscera, yapping, yapping, yapping.

Bobby Goldsboro, the singer and a close friend, has described Trevino's impact. "Every time Lee talks about winning, it is of the hard work it took to get ahead," says Goldsboro. "He is talking to those kids who are living the way he used to, telling them what they *must* do. It's nice to believe that some of them will turn out all right because of Lee."

In El Paso right now, at any ceremonial occasion where the name of Lee Trevino is invoked, that city's "Singing Policeman," Ramon Rendon, bursts into his rendition of Don Isidro A. Dával's now classic, *Qué Viva Lee Trevino*:

Qué Viva Lee Trevino, El Super-Mexicano.
Qué Viva Lee Trevino . . .
ser un campeón completo.

Beneath the lyrics' surface lie the tales of driving ranges, Band-Aids covering

tattoos, wild parties, Marine details, gag lines, Lee's Fleas, the bad swing, the hustle, the popularity—in short, a total cabbages and kings scenario—but they would be nowhere without Trevino's ability to hit a golf ball and to win tournaments.

His victory in the U.S. Open at Rochester in 1968, fashioned while playing against one of the finest artisans on the tour, Bert Yancey, and while being pressured by Jack Nicklaus thundering up ahead, was considered a fluke—until he won the Hawaiian Open later in the year and finished the season with \$132,127 in prize money. In 1969 he won the Tucson Open, the World Cup individual prize and more than \$100,000 again. In 1970, though his only two victories came early in the year, Trevino accomplished what he likes to refer to as "the triple crown." He was the leading money-winner with \$157,037, led the Exemption Point Standings and won the Vardon Trophy for lowest scoring average.

continued



This summer Trevino's achievement of winning the Open championships of the United States, Canada and Great Britain in less than a month was the stuff of which instant legends are made. But a quick examination of the few weeks prior to his historical feat reveals just how well he was playing. In the six weeks after the tour arrived in Texas in May, he accomplished the following:

Dallas—Tied for second, one stroke back of the leader going into the last round; finished tied for fifth.

Houston—Eleven shots back after 36 holes, tied for the lead with five holes to play; missed the playoff by one shot.

Fort Worth—Tied for the lead with nine holes to play; lost by four shots in 15-to-20 mph winds on the back nine.

Memphis—Won tournament.

Atlanta—Missed playoff by one shot.

Charlotte—Lost in playoff.

And then came the hot streak when Trevino beat Nicklaus in a playoff at Merion for the U.S. title, beat Art Wall in a playoff at Montreal for the Canadian title and beat the Formosan Lu for the British championship. With luck, he might have won an astonishing six tournaments in seven weeks.

Wherever one went there was Lee Trevino. On newstands, radio, TV. Throwing a hat. Swinging a club. Laughing. Frolicking. Transcending the game of golf. Engraving his spirit onto the pop culture of America. Shortly it became easy to forget where he had come from and how far this squat, swarthy, happy fellow with the magnificent Mexican-American face had gone in four short years.

Lee Buck Trevino was born out of wedlock on Dec. 1, 1939. He was raised by his maternal grandfather, Joe Trevino, an immigrant from Monterrey, and his mother, Juanita, in an old maintenance shack on the outskirts of Dallas. Old Joe was a gravedigger at Hillcrest cemetery and a beer drinker of astounding durability who, Lee says, "was the only man I ever knew could sit in a bar from nine in the morning to nine at night, then get up and drive away." Also, Joe Trevino was one of those rare individuals who stopped working only because it was time to die. That was two years ago, and when his grandson buried him it was where the old man had requested: alongside a goldfish pond at Hillcrest

and not, as Old Joe said, "way back in some corner and forgotten."

In the old days the Trevino shack, devoid of electricity or plumbing, sat in a hayfield off the Glen Lakes golf course where the skinny little Mexican boy used to scavenge for balls. For an early golf indoctrination he hit horse apples with an abandoned five-iron and played putting games with his grandfather in the yard. "It was a lonely life," Trevino says. "I was never around anybody. I was all by myself, no one to talk to. I'd just go hunt rabbits and fish."

Lee finally had to quit school in the eighth grade to help finance the simple luxury of food for his family, which included two sisters. "Starches are cheap and Mexicans are usually overweight because they eat starches," he says. "I never knew what steak was. The closest we ever came to real meat was Texas hash and boloney. We'd drink Kool-Aid."

Trevino worked at Glen Lakes for a time before taking a job at Hardy Greenwood's driving range and pitch 'n putt course in North Dallas. He played enough golf in the next two years to get his handicap down to five, but his interest in the range dwindled. When offered an ultimatum by Greenwood, Trevino quit his job to join the Marines.

"I was messed up and lost," he says. "I wasn't settled down. I didn't know what I wanted to do. Never had any dates. I'd fall in love with a fence post." As a machine gunner in the Far East, Trevino found a camaraderie that he never knew at home. He had friends, people to talk to, duties, responsibility. "It was like camping out," he says. "I volunteered for everything. These were guys my own age and we were having a ball."

He enjoyed the experience so fully that he re-upped for two. He was assigned to Special Services, where he spent the rest of his tour playing golf and teaching rifle range classes on Okinawa. "Maybe it was the best time of my life," says Trevino. "I think I learned my sense of humor in the Marines, laughing and raising hell. And, of course, there was golf. If I hadn't jousted, I know I'd be in prison today." In the fall of 1960 he got out of the corps and went back to Dallas with one purpose: to play golf.

Hardy Greenwood is a tall, spare man of 56 with a voice the texture of hardpan. He demands frugality as well as loyalty (on occasion he will accost a cus-

tommer who has scuffed a ball a few feet and is preparing to hit it again, with "Hold it; at Hardy's we hit 'em just once"). He was overjoyed to have Lee back. He had taken young Trevino under his wing at 14 and introduced the youngster to amenable habits—regular meals, haircuts, cleanliness. He was the first person to encourage Lee to make a living at golf. He was the closest thing to a father Trevino ever had.

"We always like to say we raised Lee," says Greenwood. "We take the credit, the wife and me. He had the great natural swing even back then. He was good at everything. He picked up balls faster than anybody I ever had here. He mowed the greens, washed balls, cleaned the range, ran the shop, I could go out of town and Lee would take better care of the place than I did. But he was a hard-head, too. He sure has learned. I told him the last time he was here, 'You sure did grow up to be the smartest Mex I ever saw.'"

While Trevino worked hard from two p.m. to midnight at Hardy's, he played hard, too. He began swinging into early morning golf games at Tenson Park municipal course with Arnold Salinas, one of seven children in the kind of close-knit Mexican-American family that Trevino had always longed for; to this day Salinas remains his closest friend. The two enjoyed the same pursuits—card games, bowling, drinking beer, chasing waitresses, especially golf. When they first met at Tenson it was in competition to see who was the best Mexican player in town. Trevino was. After a lengthy night of celebrating victory, Trevino picked up Salinas at six in the morning for another round.

"What?" said Salinas. "I don't throw up till noon."

For the next couple of years Trevino's days were remarkably similar. Eighteen holes at Tenson. Work all day at Hardy's. Play all night with Salinas. Trevino was not becoming so wild, though, as to lose his ambition. He hit 1,000 balls nearly every day.

Trevino has since cultivated an image as a transcendent hustler, far beyond what his friends back in Dallas remember as the truth. "A hustler he is not and a hustler he has never been," says Salinas, who is now taking a fling at pro golf himself. "To hustle is to deceive. Lee was just there with his game and everybody knew it. They came over and

said, 'I want four a side.' Lee said, 'You got it.' That's no hustle. He made the games hard and forced himself to play his best."

Erwin Hardwicke, then and now the resident pro at Tenson, remembers "the little Meskin burger coming through the door with his white T shirt and his Bermuda shorts and the worst clubs going. When we found out he was Hardy's boy, we let him play for free," says Hardwicke. "He 'bout lived over here after that. 'Boys,' he'd say. 'We're burnin' daylight, I got to get back to work. Let's play.' Man, could he play. It was uncanny how that little Meskin could play."

In 1963 Greenwood applied for playing privileges for his young friend, but possibly because Trevino had no official record, he was turned down. Two years later, just after winning the Texas State Open, Trevino wanted to apply for a PGA card. Greenwood refused to verify his employment.

Neither man will go into detail about their split, but friction had been building for some time. Trevino had been married for a couple of years, had fathered a son, Ricky, and then was divorced when his wife could not cope with his devotion to golf and his long absences from home. In the spring of 1964 Trevino went on a savage, uninhibited tour—drinking to excess, eating, in his own words, "trash" foods, sleeping irregularly and seldom in the same place. He lost 50 pounds. "My granddad said the only way you forget about a woman is to find another one and he was right," says Trevino. He found Claudia Fealey, a 17-year-old ticket-taker at the Capri Theatre downtown. They dated at the Cotton Palace bowling lanes and soon after were married.

Whether Greenwood disapproved of Trevino's erratic life-style or felt betrayal of his trust he will not say. "Lee just wasn't thinking right to go out on the tour," he explains. "Physically, he was always ready. But messin' around with that drinking . . . I told my wife, 'We were right to hold Lee back.' Everything seems to have worked out. That Claudia does wonders for him."

Furious at the time, Trevino "got hot, got drunk and then made me some calls." The Dallas area chapter of the PGA declined to help and Trevino is still angry. "I didn't get a fair shake, that's all," he says. "Now there's some of them even take credit for what I've done. I don't

hold grudges but I won't even look at those people anymore."

Inevitably, Trevino's hard work on the practice range and reputation as a player of substance saved him. A wealthy cotton farmer named Martin Leitnitch, who spent his off hours betting on and attempting to play golf, brought him to El Paso, introduced him as "my Mexican tractor driver" and watched with glee as Trevino ate up everyone around for respectable sums of money. The Trevinos lived for a while in a trailer on a farm before moving into a motel hard by Horizon Hills Country Club, where Lee had been hired as an assistant pro.

Although Trevino was intent on earning his card and joining the tour, he had not yet honed the rough edges of his personality, making the efforts in his behalf by Bill Eschenbrenner and Herb Wimberly, two local pros, that much more difficult. The head professional at El Paso Country Club, Eschenbrenner had worked as a boy at Rivercrest in Fort Worth watching Ben Hogan and he recognized Trevino's ability. "I had faith in him," Eschenbrenner says. "He had Hogan's action in the swing. It's that secret, or whatever it is, to take the club to the top and lock it. Just dead lock it, and keep it that way all the way through."

Eschenbrenner and Wimberly were pushing for Trevino through their own New Mexico chapter of the PGA when Lee borrowed some money to play in the U.S. Open at San Francisco in 1966. He finished 54th. The following year the PGA came through with his card, but Trevino was so discouraged by his previous showing that Claudia herself had to send in his \$20 qualifying fee for the 1967 Open. Suddenly everything came together. At Odessa, Texas, Trevino shot the lowest qualifying rounds and then finished fifth in the Open proper at Baltusrol. Super Mex was on his way.

"The key to Trevino as a man is that he remembers," says Eschenbrenner. "He is devoted to the PGA. When he joined he said he'd be the best member the New Mexico chapter ever had, and he has been. Most of the big names pay lip service. This guy has played in our New Mexico pro-am in a blizzard. Every year he tells me to put him down for one of our sectional tournaments, and he's there."

Since the start of 1968 Lee Trevino has finished in the top 10 in 50 PGA tour-

naments, more than anyone in the game. He has won more money in that time than anyone except Jack Nicklaus. He has represented the United States on two Ryder Cup and three World Cup teams. And he has done it all with a swing that suggests a lumberjack going after the nearest redwood.

In purely technical terms Trevino's swing is all wrong. He takes the club back on an extremely flat plane from an open stance that is aiming left. To avoid the danger of duck hooking, he blocks out solidly with his left leg firm as he comes into the shot. At that moment he corrects whatever else is negative by the use of his hands. With this instinctive hand action—which along with food and white-billed caps is one of the few things Ben Hogan has ever praised—he opens the club face at impact and fades the ball left to right, dipping his right shoulder along the plane.

Always a hooker off the tee, Trevino watched Hogan one day in 1961 as he hit marvelous fade after marvelous fade. His outlook on the game changed immediately. "Before, I had always been upright—a picture," says Trevino. "Then I had got me this awful-looking sweepy swing so I could hook it. When I saw Hogan it dawned on me, left to right, left to right. I have to throw my club way out right to fade it now. I get into the low shoulder turn because of my height. I can't get power upright."

Dave Hill acknowledges the importance of Trevino's shoulder turn. "If he ever gets up high with it, he's got to go back to eating tacos," says Hill. "His right side stays so low he never has to worry about getting over the ball too much. Lee doesn't know it, but he plays with his right arm and right shoulder almost exclusively. He's the best I've ever seen at coming through with the right hand and wrist."

Frank Beard marvels at Trevino's nerves as much as the hand action. "He's a very quick player," Beard says. "He's never in a vise like some of the slower guys. He also practices more than any human being I know. The man works."

Jack Nicklaus says: "Only the player himself knows what his weak shots are and which ones he is scared of hitting. If there is a weak part in Lee's game, it's probably the flat swing—not being able to hook the ball when he has to. The swing isn't wrong; it just limits the things he can do. When Trevino isn't hit-

continued

ting it straight, he's in trouble because his flat swing can't get the ball high enough out of the rough. The thing is I've never seen him when he wasn't hitting it straight. He probably hits more solid shots than anyone out here."

The difference between the good players in golf and the best lies not in the swing but in an infinitesimal part of the brain. "There are a lot of fine strikers of the ball," says Nicklaus. "Trevino is a fine striker and a fine thinker. He knows what he's doing all the time. Where to hit? What to hit? Why?"

Trevino agrees that he is a planner. "I think about what I should make on a hole in every tournament," he says. "For instance, if I've got a par-3, 220-yard hole I'll hope to play the thing in one over par for four rounds. I won't go for the pin, just the green, and I almost never gamble.

"Weaknesses? There are a lot of them. I'm a terrible fairway bunker player. I used to be the world's worst putter, but playing on good greens has made the difference there. I also used to be a very bad long iron player. Up to two years ago I couldn't hit a two- or three-iron for nothin'. But I practiced."

Trevino is at his strongest in one-on-one, when he can use psychology against an opponent. His ability to manipulate emotions on the course is a regular staple of the legend. "On the greens I'll tell my caddy, 'That thing broke a ton, Neil,' when I actually pulled the putt. The other guy, he might hit his putt wrong now. Course, I only did this sort of thing before I got to the tour," Trevino adds and winks, conveniently re-

glecting to mention that Neil did not become his caddy until after he had joined the tour.

Undoubtedly most of Trevino's shots will be forgotten long before people stop talking about The Snake. Trevino first unveiled his rubber toy at the Colonial Invitational in Fort Worth when he did a springy number with it for the caddies there. A month later on the first tee of the Open playoff at refined, patriarchal old Merion, he whisked the snake over to Nicklaus, whereupon the golfing universe did one of two things: applauded this little Mexican proponent of antestablishmentarianism, or looked down their noses at such an ungrateful wetback.

Most of the players were dumfounded; some unforgiving. They did not know that on the tee Nicklaus had noticed the snake in Trevino's bag and waved for him to throw it over. "I thought it would relieve the tension," Jack says. "It relaxed me."

Trevino says: "No more snakes. Too many people were angry."

The incident at Merion has been one of the few times Trevino was considered to have overstepped the boundaries in his showmanship on the tour. Unlike Chi Chi Rodriguez, who infuriates many of his playing companions with his dancing, swordplay and *matador* tricks, Trevino's chatterboxing gigman performance seems to have made no enemies.

"There's a difference," says one play-

er. "Some acts are a facade, a fake. Lee is sincere as he can be. He fools around and then hits the ball. For the 20 seconds it takes to select a club and make the shot, he's as much a Hogan—a concentrator—as anybody ever was."

Off the course Trevino has become a thorough entertainer with few flaws. In short public speeches, working without notes, he is a gem—no grammatical errors, embarrassing pauses, confused "uuuhhhhhhs" or overblown language. Unless the situation calls for a humorous departure from it, his English is perfect. In informal conversation, however, there are a whole lot of "don't make no difference" and "them people used to could play" constructions.

"He just doesn't concentrate unless he has to," says Claudia. "Yeah," says Trevino. "There wasn't much tellin' where I could've went if I had got education."

He talks about the future. "I could be a comedian," he says. "I mean a real comedian. I know when to raise my voice and when not to. A guy gets too loud on me on the course, I say, 'I do the jokes here, sir. It's not too often Mexes get inside the ropes.' You think I'm good in tournaments? Oh boy. Come to a clinic. I get nine thousand dollars for one of them babies, twelve thou on weekends. But I'm worth it. You get 18 holes of golf plus a comedy act."

In his nonpublic communication with



the touring professionals, Trevino jabs on in this way, but he does not tarry long in locker rooms.

"He's a hard man to get close to," says one veteran. "He has a few friends out here—Orville Moody and Cesar Sainudo maybe—but even they don't know him too well. I've never had a serious sit-down conversation with him. Every time we'd start, he'd go into that meaningless machine-gun yak. And then he'd have to leave and go somewhere. It's like he's afraid to shut up so we can find out what he's really like."

Trevino says he avoids clubhouses because "too many drunks want to grab your hand and hold onto it. I have a quote for them: 'I'm not in love with you, sir. Let go.' That usually stops them. I'm not a country-club player. I'm a municipal guy."

There was a period last year when Trevino had not won a golf tournament. Business problems were multiplying. He was drinking heavily on tour and keeping late hours. His mother was sick with cancer—she died this fall—and his marriage was falling apart. Still, his was a cheery countenance wherever he traveled the tour, and in time Claudia started showing up at several way stations along the golf trail. He toned down the night life and the alcohol and, of course, he started winning again. A fortnight ago Trevino was

asked when does he ever feel depression.

"When I remember my mother being so ill," he replied. "But I stop that quick. I've visited a lot of hospitals with crippled kids and burned-up people in them. Men with car payments and kids to put through college and all those other financial burdens should go visit a hospital whenever they start feeling sorry for themselves."

Trevino's charitable donations are well known: \$10,000 to the family of his former roommate, Ted Makalena, after he won the Hawaiian Open; \$2,000 for a caddy scholarship fund in Singapore after the World Cup; \$5,000 to the St. Jude hospital in Memphis after he won the Memphis Open; \$4,800 to the Clunder Lodge orphanage near Southport following the British Open. He spends time and money on the Christmas Seal and Easter Seal campaigns nationally and sponsors projects for the Boys Club and Strainers lodge in El Paso. But he disassociates himself from political movements, especially those with a Mexican-American complexion. Trevino will not comment on Cesar Chavez because "I don't believe in helping just one race or nationality," he says. "People ask me if I'm doing this winning and making this money for my people. It doesn't matter. I'm doing it for my wife—and she's white. A lot of Mexicans don't like that. A lot of whites don't like it, either, I suppose. I'm only concerned with the poor—black, white, yellow, red—and the youth. Promoters turn me off right away when

they shill for Mexicans as a group. A Mexican-American hospital, for instance. No blacks allowed in? No Jews? I don't want to segregate. That's exactly backwards."

At home in El Paso where, one presumes, he can be genuinely himself, Trevino is a happy-go-lucky, wisecracking, loud and mossy hombee—which surely must be a tipoff to all those who seek hidden meanings and the "truth" behind the man, Claudia, a pert blonde with a Sandy Duncan cuteness about her and a good head for business, has adapted well. Alone, she picked out an attractive five-bedroom ranchstyle home in the manicured neighborhood of Eastridge while the family awaits the construction of a house near Trevino's new golf course and resort complex on the New Mexico border. Trevino's first son, now 9, lives with his mother in Columbia, Mo. Lesley, 6, and Tony "Blonkey," 2, live with Lee and Claudia in El Paso.

Recently, on a warm October night in the middle of a short vacation at home, Lee Trevino took his family along with a convivial retinue of friends and relatives to the circus. He ate popcorn, pulled cotton candy and held fast to his Mickey Mouse helium balloons as the tumblers, jugglers, clowns, elephants, tigers and assorted trapeze and balancing people wowed the audience. Eyes glinting, head shaking, amazed, Trevino responded with little gasps of surprise. "I'm lovin' this tonight," he said at one point. "Really I am. Someday I hope my kids will understand how lucky they are to be here." It was, of course, Lee Trevino's first circus.

ENO



Introduction to

An African

When Ernest Hemingway died in 1961, several unpublished manuscripts of consequence were left in his estate. These included two novels, a few short stories and one extraordinary work of nonfiction,

African Journal, excerpts of which began on the following pages and will continue in two successive issues of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. The manuscript is immense by Hemingway's standards—200,000 words—and represents

months of his writing time between 1954 and 1957. He was often interrupted, most notably in October 1956 when he won the Nobel Prize for Literature. He was obviously pleased with his African book as it progressed. At one point he said of it that he was writing "maybe better than I ever have... truly going wonderfully." His enthusiasm of the moment may or may not have been justified, but in retrospect two distinguished claims can be made for *African Journal*: major passages approach or equal Hemingway's prose at its finest, and revealed for the first time in his own words is a Hemingway quite different from his public image, his philosophies had matured, and the seeds of his discontent born sown.

The setting of *African Journal* (as we have chosen to call it; the manuscript itself was untitled) is a Kenya safari that Hemingway and his wife Mary took in the fall of 1953. It was a long-anticipated trip. Hemingway had not been to Africa for 20 years and much regretted this. Even now it had not been easy to get back. It was difficult, as he wrote in the journal, "to break the chains of responsibility that are built up, seemingly as lightly as spider webs but that hold like steel cables." The Hemingways spent their first two months in Kenya hunting in several areas while working on a story with a *Look* magazine photographer. Upon finishing that chore, as Hemingway considered it, he and Mary moved off on their own to the Kinare Swamp section of southern Kenya some 30 miles north of Mount Kilimanjaro. At this point the white hunter leading the safari, Philip Percival, had to leave them, and Hemingway himself was designated a quasi-official representative in the region for the Kenya Game Department, a position of responsibility in what were relatively perilous times because of the Mau Mau uprisings. The manuscript begins as Hemingway takes command on "the last day of the month of the next to the last month of the year," and stops less than three weeks later.

The literary form of *African Journal* is what Mary Hemingway aptly calls "fictionalized fact." The fictionalizing, she says, is minimal, but the master storyteller is at work, and it was never his intent to be anything short of that in

this endeavor. One central character is Mary herself, and today on a wall of her New York City apartment is the skin of another major figure in the journal, a great black-maned lion. The events described, says Mary, happened in substance as Ernest depicts them. He did not take a note while in Africa, but not long after they returned to their Cuban home, Finca Vigia, in the summer of 1954 he began to write, drawing upon his remarkable capacity for recalling scenes in minute detail. "His memory was always astonishing," says Mary. "I had a record of the whole safari in my diary, but Ernest just carried it back to Cuba in his head. I have checked my diary to verify things, and he was consistently correct. He might embellish a scene, but he did that with everything in life. And who is to say what was truly the reality?"

It is folly to attempt to guess what Hemingway had in mind as he began *African Journal*. Indeed, there is every indication that early on he did not even know whether it would be fiction or nonfiction, a series of vignettes, short stories, even a novel. One engaging notion is that he felt he eventually might produce a sequel—at least considerably more complicated—to that grand and pure work based on his 1933 safari in the Green Hills of Africa. Hemingway surely would have been delighted by the literary possibilities in returning to Africa and retracing the moods and moments of *Green Hills*, but this time observing everything from an older and presumably wiser perspective. Indeed, many of the same personalities appear in both works. It is a nice enough literary theory, and the kind Hemingway usually dismissed with well-chosen words, all of four letters.

The manuscript Hemingway did produce, in journal form, had five primary plot lines or themes. One concerned nature, hunting and the hunter, subjects upon which he is a writer without peer in the English language. Most of the 55,000 words that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has excerpted involve these aspects of the manuscript. The second element concerned what might be called the Africanization of Hemingway. Wherever Hemingway lived or traveled—the American West, France, Spain, Italy, Cuba—the locale of the moment usually seemed to him to be the best of places, and Africa was no exception. He now was prepared to renounce all else for the blandishments of Kenya. The beguiling figure of a Wakamba girl, Debba, whom Hemingway calls his "fiancee," moves through the manuscript, but she is only a small part of the romance that Hemingway found with Africa and the Africans. The third theme amounted to a commentary on the graces of age and the pleasures of power, the one having considerable to do with the other. The fourth was bloody and

Journal

topical, involving the Mau Mau, the police and the weakening of British colonial rule in Kenya. Finally, there was the issue of religion. It came up repeatedly, often in a humorous connotation, but at heart it was no laughing matter. The excerpts that follow contain only small portions of these last four aspects of the manuscript.

Perhaps it was the diversity and complexity of the various elements that thwarted him, but the manuscript never attained the cohesion that Hemingway must have desired. Even after 800 pages it was difficult to see where he was going with his journal—or if he was. In early 1956, he had to leave Finca Vigía ... writing of *The Old Man and the Sea*. He was annoyed at once again stopping work on what he was now calling his "long book." He had interrupted something, he wrote later, that he "loved and believed in on the eight hundred and fiftieth manuscript page ...". The final words of *African Journal* were written on Feb. 27, 1956. The manuscript ends midway through page 850 with an incomplete sentence:

"That's too bad. I said and I remembered the old days and how you looked forward to the one beyond all price is."

Hemingway wrapped the manuscript in cellophane and put it away until it could be resumed. There is no indication that he ever looked at it again. When he came back from the filming and began writing once more it was to return to fiction, and some magazine pieces. Only half a dozen people have read *African Journal* since.

Mary Hemingway calls the manuscript a rough draft, and that is fair, though rough draft can mean many things. The journal was written at Ernest's peinstaking rate, about 600 words a day. Its margins are marked with a record of his progress: how many words finished each day (an exact count, page by page), and the date. Sometimes he wrote in longhand, but more often he typed on the thin manila that seemed to constitute the stationery supply of Finca Vigía at the time. He revised each page and edited on it, a process that occasionally led him to address

himself sternly. There are numerous admonitions on the manuscript: "Throw out or rewrite all this," "Re-do and get it right," "Fix," "Re-do entire sentence." And there remains, in a few places, no rational regard for the rules of syntax. However, when considered sentence by sentence, and in view of his comments about it, Hemingway was probably satisfied with most of the text. Thus finished draft would be closer than rough draft as a description of any given section. But rough draft describes the work as a whole, for it is unstructured, undisciplined and, of course has no ending.

Such matters are for students of literature to assess, and in due time they will. Everybody else, happily, can approach Hemingway with the one attitude that really matters—the desire to find good reading. *African Journal* is certainly that.

In these excerpts some stringent editing rules were followed. Each linespace or large capital letter marks either a major cut in the original text or the start of a new chapter. Each ellipsis marks a lesser cut. There have been a few deletions of profanity, all marked by dashes, in conformance with the long-established policies of SPENCER'S ILLUSTRATED. No other changes have been made, except for the normal spelling and punctuation corrections that Hemingway would have expected from any publisher. The text throughout "Miss Mary's Lion" (our title for the first two parts) appears exactly in the order that it did in the original. The illustration, too, is completely faithful to the original situation. Artist Jack Brusca worked, in every case, from photographs taken by either Mary or Ernest Hemingway on the 1953 safari.

Writers are crazy, says Hemingway in *African Journal*. He is asked if that is true of all writers.

"Only the good ones," he answers.

What follows, as the author of *Green Hills, The Seniors of Kilimanjaro* and *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber* writes once more of Africa, is very sane madness.

—RAY CAVE



Miss Mary's Lion

by Ernest Hemingway

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Miss Mary: The author's wife, new to big-game hunting, too short for the task at hand, but tall enough to be the dedicated ice of a great rogue lion.

Keiti: A Kamba, "the head man of this outfit... cunning and very skillful... lussy as an old woman, severe as an N.A.I. of 30 years service."

The Informer: A well-debauched, self-declared Masai spy of whom the author "was very fond... though it might be my duty to see him banged."

G.C.: The Game Ranger responsible for the Loitokitok area. His name was Denis Zapharo. The initials, a safari joke, stand for Gto Cressed.

Ngugi: The author's gunbearer, "brother" and fellow "bad guy" who could "hunt like a hound" and had many other admirable characteristics.

Charo: Mary's gunbearer, blither even than she, older than old, much maulied by leopard, hence beyond need and anxious to be done with this lion.

Arap Moina: One of G.C.'s Game Scouts who, before getting that post in his stripes, was "a widely traveled and little arrested ivory poacher."

Things were not too simple in this safari because things had changed very much in East Africa. The white hunter had been a close friend of mine for many years. I respected him and he trusted me, *which was more than I deserved. It was, however, something to try to merit.* He had taught me by putting me on my own and correcting me when I made mistakes. When I made a mistake he would explain it. Then if I did not make the same mistake again he would trust me a little more. He was a very complicated man compounded of absolute courage, all the good human weaknesses and a strangely subtle and very critical understanding of people. He was completely dedicated to his family and his home and yet he loved much more to live away from them. He loved his home and his wife and his children, but he was nomadic. He was finally leaving us because it was necessary for him to be at his farm, which is what they call a twenty thousand-acre cattle ranch in Kenya...

"Do you have any problems?" he asked.

"I don't want to make a fool of myself with elephants."

"You'll learn."

"Anything else?"

"Know everybody knows more than you do but you have to make the decisions and make them stick. Leave the camp and all that to Keiti. Be as good as you can."

There are people who love command and in their eagerness to assume it they are impatient at the for-

malities of taking over from someone else. I love command since it is the ideal wedding of freedom and slavery. You can be happy with your freedom and when it becomes too dangerous you take refuge in your duty. *For several years I had exercised no command except over myself and I was bored with this since I knew myself and my defects and strengths too well and they permitted me little freedom and much duty.* Lately I had read with distaste various books written about myself by people who know all about my inner life, aims and motives. Reading them was like reading an account of a battle where you had fought written by someone who had not only not been present but, in some cases, had not even been born when the battle had taken place. All these people who wrote of my life both inner and outer wrote with an absolute assurance that I had never felt.

On this morning I wished that my great friend and teacher, Mr. Wilson Harris', did not have to communicate to me in that odd shorthand of understatement which was our legal tongue. I wished that there were things that I could ask him that it was impossible to ask. I wished more than anything that I could be instructed fully and competently as the British instruct their airmen. But I knew that

'Actually Philip Percival, the white hunter who 20 years before had taken E.H. on the safari that led to the writing of the "Green Hills of Africa" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" This is one of the few fictionalized names in the manuscript.

the customary law which prevailed between Wilson Harris and myself was as rigid as the customary law of the Wakamba. My ignorance, it had been decided long ago, was to be lessened only through learning by myself. But I knew that from now on I had no one to correct my mistakes and, with all the happiness one has in assuming command, it made the morning a very lonely one.

For a long time Wilson Harris and I had called each other Pop. At first, more than twenty years before, when I had called him Pop, Mr. Harris had not minded as long as this violation of good manners was not made in public. But after I reached the age of fifty, which made me an elder or more, he had taken, happily, to calling me Pop, which was in a way a compliment, highly bestowed and deadly if it were withdrawn. I cannot imagine a situation or, rather, I would not wish to survive a situation in which I called him, in private, Mr. Harris or he addressed me by my proper name.

So on this morning there were many questions I wished to ask and many things I had wondered about. But we were, by custom, mute on these subjects. I felt very lonely and he knew it of course.

"If you did not have problems it would not be fun," Pop said. "You're not a mechanic and what they call white hunters now are mostly mechanics who speak the language and follow other people's tracks. Your command of the language is limited. But you and your disreputable companions made what tracks there are and you can make a few new ones. If you can't come up with the proper word in your new idiom, Kamba, just speak Spanish. Everyone loves that. Or let Miss Mary talk. She is slightly more articulate than you."

"Oh go to hell."

"I shall go to prepare a place for thee," Pop said.

"And elephants?"

"Never give them a thought," Pop said. "Enormous silly beasts. Harmless, everyone says. Just remember how deadly you are with all other beasts. After all they are not the woefully mastodon. I've never seen one with a tusk that made two curves."

"Who told you about that?"

"Keith," Pop said. "He told me you bag thousands of them in the off season. Those and your saber-toothed tigers and your hyratosauruses."

"The son of a bitch," I said.

"No. He more than half believes it. He has a copy of the magazine and they look very convincing. I think he believes it some days and some days not. It depends on whether you bring him any guinea fowl and how you're shooting in general."

"It was a pretty well illustrated article on prehistoric animals."

"Yes. Very. Most lovely pictures. And you made a very rapid advance as a white hunter when you told him you had only come to Africa because your mastodon license was filled at home and you had shot over your limit on saber-toothed tiger."

"What did you tell him? True."

"I told him it was God's truth and that you were a sort of escaped ivory poacher from Rawlins. Wyoming which was rather like the Lodo Enclave in the old days and that you had come out here to pay reverence to me who had started you in as a boy, heretofore of course, and to try to keep your hand in for when they would let you go home and take out a new mastodon license."

"Pop, please tell me one sound thing about elephant. You know I am required to do away with them if they are behaving badly."

"Just remember your old mastodon technique."

Pop said. "Try and get your first barrel in between that second ring of the tusk. On frontals the seventh wrinkle on the nose counting down from the first wrinkle on the high forehead. Extraordinary high foreheads they have. Most abrupt. If you are nervous stick it in his ear. You will find it's simply a postume."

"Thank you," I said.

"You're most welcome. Now could you give me any new gun on the saber-toothed tiger? Kesti says you had one hundred and fifteen before those standards picked up your license."

"You get very close," I said. "You should be able to touch the beast for best results. You then give an abrupt whistle."

"Then do you let him have it?"

"You take the words out of my mouth," I said.

"I trust they were in Kamba," he said. "Pop, please try to be a good boy. I'd rather be proud of you than read about you in the comic papers. I've never worried ever about you taking care of the Menschitz. But take care of yourself a little bit and try to be as good a boy as you can."

"You try too."

"I've tried for many years," he said. Then, in the classic formula he said, "Now it is all yours."

So it was. It was all mine on a windless morning of the last day of the month of the next to the last month of the year.

"I want to turn this truck in and send you one that is good," Pop had said. "They don't trust this truck."

It was always they. They were the people; the waba. Once they had been "the boys." They still were to Pop. But he had either known them all when they were boys in age or had known their fa-

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thers when their fathers were children. Twenty years ago I had called them boys too and neither they nor I had any thought that I had no right to. No one would have minded if I had used the word now. But the way things were now you did not do it. Everyone had his duties and everyone had a name. Not to know a name was both impolite and a sign of sloppiness. There were special names too of all sorts and shortening of names and friendly and unfriendly nicknames. Pop still cursed them in English or in Swahili and they loved it. I had no right to curse them and I never did. We also all, since our Mijakhi expedition, had certain secrets and certain things privately shared. Now there were many things that were secrets and there were things that went beyond secrets and were understandings. Some of the secrets were not at all gentle and some were so comic that you would see one of the three gunbearers suddenly laughing and look toward him and know what it was and you would both be laughing so hard that trying to hold in the laughter your diaphragm would ache.

"What are you crazies laughing about?" my wife would ask.

"Strange and funny things" I'd say "Some very horrible."

"Will you tell me sometime?"

"Sure."

She had studied Swahili diligently and spoke it grammatically and better each day and I always deferred to her knowledge of the language and had her interpret for me in all routine matters. The people enjoyed her Swahili and sometimes I would see laughter start in the corner of the eyes or at the edge of the mouth. But it was always rapidly swallowed. They really loved Miss Mary and when I rejected something that all of us, we bad ones, wanted to do on the grounds that it would hurt Miss Mary it was a valid excuse. We had split into the goods and the bads a long time before this morning when Pop was leaving and he knew about this. Actually there was a third group, the snake or mwanako, the young unspoiled boys that he had trained who according to Kamba law were not yet entitled to drink beer. They were allies of ours, that is to say of the bads. This was especially so in the matter of my fiancées.

The matter, or as it would be in French, the question or the affair of my fiancée was not yet a serious one. Debba was very beautiful and quite young and more than perfectly developed. She was the best dancer of the ngoma and both Ngu and I were deeply moved by her. One of the goods had told us, innocently, that he was thinking seriously of taking her as his second wife. This was one of the things which, when

we thought of them while out on our duties, made us suddenly happy and provoked laughter.

After Pop left I had to see The Informer. He was a tall dignified man who wore full-length trousers, a clean dark blue sport shirt with thin white lateral stripes, a shawl around his shoulders and a porkpie hat. All of these articles of clothing looked as though they had been gifts. The shawl I had recognized as being made from trade goods sold in one of the Hindu general stores at Loitokitik. His dark brown face was distinguished and must once have been handsome. He spoke accurate English slowly and with a mixture of accents.

"Good morning, my brother," he said and removed his hat. "Good morning, my lady."

"Good morning, Reginald," I said. Miss Mary got up from the chair where she had been sitting and left the mess tent. She did not care for The Informer.

"Is the Mem-Sahib displeased with me?" Reginald asked.

"No more than usual."

"I must bring her a suitable present," Reginald said. "I have important news. The man who calls himself Michael is an agent of the Mau Mau."

"Really?" I said. "How did you obtain this information?"

"I overheard a conversation outside the Mau Mau stores. It was an important conversation. Two chiefs agreed."

"A very rare thing," I said. "What else?"

"There is drunkenness at the three shamba."

"What about the other two?"

"I am unwelcome there."

"Why? Drunkenness?"

"My brother knows that I am not a drunkard. I am denied welcome through prejudice. The old prejudice against me."

"How is the widow?"

"She has been away for three days. There is no morality in the shamba now. She left for Loitokitik and she has not returned. My brother, do you have any of that medicine which was mentioned in the article in the Reader's Digest which makes a man as strong as he was in his youth?"

"There is such a medicine, but I do not have it."

"With that medicine here, first to use a little for myself and then to learn to compound it and sell it. I could be a rich man."

"What about rhino horns?"

"First you must detach it from the rhino which is difficult and dangerous. As a loyal informer of the Game Department I could never participate in such a thing. The rhino must be killed and that is illegal.

Then it is very expensive. Then, as I have sadly proved, it is worthless."

"I didn't know that. The Chinese buy it."

"They must have some hidden secret," he said. "They are a very secretive people. All I can tell you truly as your most loyal informer is that it is worthless."

"A great pity."

"Yes, my brother. It is tragic."

"Papa, aren't we ever going to get started?" Miss Mary called from our tent. "Everybody is ready and waiting for you."

"I'm coming now," I called.

"I wish we could get off," she said. "We're wasting the morning."

"Get everything in the car."

"My brother, since there is no such medicine and you must be off could you offer me anything to drink?"

"For medicinal purpose and in the line of duty?"

"Of course. I could not accept it otherwise."

"Nor could I give it," I said. "Pour it yourself."

Reginald poured it and drank it. His shoulders straightened and he was a younger man.

"I will have more information tomorrow, my brother," he said. "Make my respects to my lady."

He left the tent bowing formally and I watched him walking away toward the trees as I went over to the hunting car.



There are always mystical countries that are a part of one's childhood. Those we remember and visit sometimes when we are asleep and dreaming. They are as lovely at night as they were when we were children. If you ever go back to see them they are not there.² But they are as fine in the night as they ever were if you have the luck to dream of them.

In Africa when we lived on the small plain in the shade of the big thorn trees at the edge of the swamp at the foot of the great mountain we had such countries. We were no longer, technically, children although in many ways I am quite sure that we were....

²E.H. manuscript note. "Put in why"

At this time the great mystical country that Mary and I shared was the Chyulu hills. This was always referred to by G.C. when he was with us, as "The country no white woman has ever set foot in including Miss Mary." We saw the Chyulus each day distant, blue, classically broken in the way that hills are broken to break your heart and we had made several half disastrous and half comic attempts to reach them. Due to an impossible swamp and a profusion of lava boulders blocking all detours they had become one of those countries you could not enter without an effort that was beyond us at the time. As substitute countries Mary had taken the geresak country which was a strange enough choice and I had taken the village of Loitokitok which was 14 miles up the slope of Mount Kilimanjaro close to the border of the Colony and the Territory. Mary thought this was a strange enough choice too until she also became involved in it...

No one knew why Mary needed to kill a geresak. They were a strange long-necked gazelle and the buck had heavy short curved horns set far forward on their heads. They were excellent to eat in this particular country. But Timmy and impela were better to eat. The boys thought that it had something to do with Mary's religion. Her religion had been a fascinating topic of discussion for a long time. It started when she had eaten a raw slice of the heart of the first lion I had killed. I had handed her the triangular shaped slice as a joke but she had taken it and eaten it and no one had laughed. Then as the lion was skinned out I had shown her the wonderful muscles. She had watched the skinning and when the four paws and the tail were finished and the Skinner and Ngui started skinning up the back she had seen the tenderloin and asked to have it cut out. She smelled it and it smelled very good and was a really beautiful piece of meat.

She had spoken with the cook about it and that night we had it served in breaded cutlets. It tasted like the best of veal. G.C. was horrified and said so. Pop was rather subdued about it but tried it. I thought it was very good and Mary loved it. After that we always ate lion and I think G.C. ate it finally but I am not sure and would have to ask him. He had a career at stake and he staked it each day when he was with us and if he did eat lion and it was bad for his career I would lie and deny it.

Everyone understood why Mary must kill her lion. But it was hard for some of the elders who had been on many hundreds of safaris to understand why she must kill it in the old straight way. All of the bad element were sure it had something to do with her religion, like the necessity to kill the geresak at approximately high noon. It evidently meant

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nothing to Miss Mary to kill the gerenuk in an ordinary and simple way.

At the end of the morning's hunt, or patrol, the gerenuk would be in the thick bush. If we sighted any by unlucky chance Mary and her gunbearer, Choro, would get out of the car and make their stalk. The gerenuk would sneak, run or bound away. Ngui and I would follow the two stalkers from duty and our presence would insure the gerenuk would keep on moving. Finally it would be too hot to keep moving the gerenuk about and Choro and Mary would come back to the car. As far as I know no shot was ever fired in this type of gerenuk hunting.

"Damn those gerenuk," Mary might say. "I saw the buck looking directly at me. But all I could see was his face and his horns. Then he was behind another bush and I couldn't tell he was not a doe. Then he kept moving off out of sight. I could have shot him but I might have wounded him."

"You'll get him another day. I thought you hunted him very well."

"If you and your friend didn't have to come."

"We have to, honey..."

"I don't know why I like this crazy part of the country. And I don't have anything against the gerenuk either."

"It's a sort of an island of desert here. It's like the big desert we have to cross to get here. Any desert is fine."

"I wish I could shoot well and fast and as quick as I see to shoot. I wish I wasn't short. I couldn't see my lion that time when you could see him and everybody else could see him."

"He was in an awful place."

In the night I heard a lion speak several times as he was hunting. Miss Mary was sleeping soundly and breathing softly. I lay awake and thought about too many things but mostly about Miss Mary's and my obligations to Pop and to G. C. and to his Game Department and to others. I did not think about Miss Mary except about her height, which was five feet two inches, in relation to tall grass and bush, and that no matter how cold the morning was she must not wear too much clothing as the stock on the 65 Mannlicher-Schoenauer was too long for her if her shoulder was padded and she might let the rifle off as she raised it to shoot. I lay awake thinking about this and about Miss Mary's lion and the way Pop would handle it and how wrong he had been the last time and how right he had been more times than I had ever seen a lion.

Then before it was daylight when the coals of the fire were covered by the gray ashes that sifted in the early morning breeze I put on my high soft

boots and an old dressing gown and went to wake Ngui in his pup tent.

He woke stifles and not at all my brother and I remembered that he never smiled before the sun was up and sometimes it took him longer than that to get rid of wherever he had been when he was asleep.

We talked by the dead ashes of the cook fire.

"You heard the lion?"

"Ndio Bwana."

This, a politeness, was also a rudeness as we both knew for we had discussed the phrase "Ndio Bwana" is what the African says always to the white man to get rid of him through agreement.

"How many lions did you hear?"

"One."

"Mzuri," I said, meaning that was better and he was correct and had heard the lion. He spit and took sauff and then offered it to me and I took some and put it under my upper lip.

"Was it the big lion of Memsahib?" I asked, feeling the lovely quick bite of the sauff against the gums and the pocket of the upper lip.

"Hapana," he said. This was the absolute negative.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Sure," he said in English.

"Where did he go?"

"You know."

The cook was awake now hearing us talk and so were the older men who were the lightest sleepers.

"Take tea for us," I said to Mwendu, who served us, and gave good morning to him and all who were awake.

"You and I will go to look at where he crossed the motor car tracks," I said to Ngui.

"I will go," Ngui said. "You can get dressed."

"Take care first."

"There is no need, Chai afterwards. It is a young lion."

"Send breakfast," I said to the cook. He woke cheerfully and now he winked at me. "Piga simba," he said. "We'll eat him for supper."

Kuti was standing by the cooking fire now with his slashed flat doubting smile. He had wound his turban in the dark and there was an end that should have been tucked in. His eyes were doubting too. There was nothing of the feeling of a serious lion hunt.

"Hapana simba kabwa sana," Kuti said to me, his eyes mocking but apologetic and absolutely confident. He knew it was not the big lion that we had heard so many times. "Anake," he said to make an early morning joke. This meant, in Kamba, a lion old enough to be a warrior and marry and have chil-

drum but not old enough to drink beer. His saying it and making the joke in Kambe was a sign of friendliness, made at daylight when friendliness has a low boiling point, to show, gently, that he knew I was trying to learn Kambe with the non-Muslim and alleged bad element and that he approved or tolerated.

Ngai had started down the track the hunting car had worn in the new grass. He was walking in his contemptuous imitation of the way he had been trained to march in the King's African Rifles. It was not contemptuous toward anyone nor toward the K.A.R. It was how he felt in the too early morning on a fruitless errand. I should have called him back but he was carrying one of the killing spears and there was a definite report I must make to Mary and if I simply gave her opinions rather than evidence it would not make for good feeling around home. No one could gauge nor measure how deeply she felt about the lion nor how many things were involved. I had functioned on this lion business almost as long as I could remember anything that had happened. In Africa you could remember around a month at a time if the pace was fast. The pace had been almost excessive and there had been the allegedly criminal lions of Selengai, the lions of Magadi, the lions of here, against whom allegations had now been repeated four times, and this new intruding lion who had, as yet, no *fiche* or dossier. This was a lion who had crouched a few times and gone about hunting the game that he was entitled to. But it was necessary to prove that to Miss Mary and to prove that he was not the marauding lion she had hunted for so long who was charged with many offenses and whose huge pug marks, the left hand one scarred, we had followed so many times only to see him going away into tall grass that led to the heavy timber of the swamp or to the thick bush of the gerenuk country up by the old mervays on the way to the Chyula hills. He was so dark that with his heavy black mane he looked almost black and he had a huge head that swung low when he moved off into country where it was impossible for Mary to follow him. He had been hunted for many years and he was very definitely not a tourist-camera lion.

Now I was dressed drinking tea in the early morning light by the built-up fire and waiting for Ngai. I saw him coming across the field with the spear on his shoulder stepping out smartly through the grass still wet with dew. He saw me and came toward the fire leaving a trail behind him through the wet grass.

"Simba chume kndogo," he said, telling me it was a small male lion. "Anako," he said, making the same

joke Kaiti had. "Hapona mzungu for Memsahib."

"Thank you," I said. "I'll let Memsahib sleep - 'Mzungu," he said and went off to the cooking fire.

We both knew how hard Mary had hunted for so many days and it would be good for her to sleep as long as she could and wake of her own accord. She was more tired than she knew. Arap Maana would be in with the real report on the big black-maned lion. There was word from the Masai up in the western hills that he had killed two cows and dragged one away with him. The Masai had suffered under him for a long time. He traveled restlessly and he did not return to his kills as a lion would be expected to. Arap Maana had the theory that this lion had once returned and fed on a kill that had been poisoned by a former Game Ranger and that he had been made terribly sick by it and had learned, or decided, never to return to a kill. That would account for his moving about so much; but not for the haphazard way he visited the various Masai villages or manyata. Now the plain, the salt licks and the bush country were heavy with game since the good grass had come with the violent short rains of November and Arap Maana, Ngai and I all expected the big lion to leave the hills and come down to the plain where he could hunt out of the edge of the swamp. This was his customary way of hunting in this district.

The Masai can be very sarcastic and their cattle are not only their wealth but something much more to them and The Informer had told me that one chief had spoken very badly about the fact that I had two chances to kill this lion and instead had waited to let a woman do it. I had sent word to the chief that if his young men were not women who spent all their time in Lokikotok drinking Golden Jeep sherry he would have no need to ask for me to kill his lion but that I would see he was killed the next time he came into the area where we were. If he cared to bring his young men I would take a spear with them and we would kill him that way. I asked him to come into camp and we would talk it over.

He had turned up at camp one morning with three other elders and I had sent for The Informer to interpret. We had a good talk. The chief explained that The Informer had misquoted him. Bwana Game (G.C.) had always killed the lions that it was necessary to kill and was a very brave and skillful man and they had great confidence in him and affection for him. He remembered too that when we had been here last in the time of the dryness Bwana Game had killed a lion and Bwana Game and I had killed a lioness with the young man. This lioness had done much damage.

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I answered that these facts were known and that it was the duty of Bwana Game and, for this period of time, myself to kill any lions that molested cattle, donkeys, sheep, goats or people. This we would always do. It was necessary for the religion of the Memsahib that she kill this particular lion before the birthday of the Baby Jesus. We came from a far country and were of a tribe of that country and this was necessary. They would be shown the skin of this lion before the birthday of the Baby Jesus.

We had all shaken hands and they had gone. I was a little worried about the tame element as Christmas was getting close. But the lion would certainly come down to the plain with the amount of game that was here now and you always had to take some chances. To be a successful prophet you had to prophesy. I wondered how many of the Masai would know him by that old scar on his foot. Probably plenty would know him. As always I was a little appalled by my oratory after it was over and had the usual sinking feeling about commitments made....

The rougher pagan element of the camp thought that Miss Mary's tribal religion was one of the sterner branches of religion since it involved the slaying of a godhead under impossible conditions, the slaughter of a bad lion and the worship of a special tree which fortunately Miss Mary did not know produced the concoction that excited and modded the Masai for war and lion hunting. I am not sure that Kent knew this was one of the properties of the particular Christmas tree that Miss Mary had selected, but about five of us knew it and it was a very carefully kept secret.

They did not believe that the lion was a part of Miss Mary's Christmas duty because they had been with her while she had sought a big lion now for three months. But Ngai had put forth a theory that perhaps Miss Mary had to kill a large black-maned lion in the year sometime before Christmas and being too short to see in the high grass she had started early. She had started in September to kill the lion before the end of the year or whenever the birthday of the Baby Jesus was. Ngai was not sure. But it came before that other great holiday the Birth of the Year which was a payday.

There is as much difference between a wild lion and a man-eating lion and the type of lion tourists take pictures of in the national parks as there is between the old grizzly that will follow your trap line and ruin it and tear the roofs off your cabins and eat the supplies and yet never be seen and eat the bears that come up alongside the road to be photographed in Yellowstone Park. True the bears in

the park injure people every year and if the tourists do not stay in their cars they will get in trouble. They even get in trouble in their cars sometimes and some bears get bad and have to be destroyed.

Picture lions that are accustomed to being fed and photographed sometimes wander away from the area where they are protected and having learned not to fear human beings are easily killed by alleged sportsmen and their wives always, of course, backed up by a professional hunter. But our problem was not to criticize how other people had killed lions or would kill lions but to find and have Miss Mary find and kill an intelligent, destructive and much hunted lion in a way that had been defined if not by our religion by certain ethical standards. Miss Mary had hunted by these standards for a long time now. They were very severe standards and Chero who loved Miss Mary was impatient of them. He had been mauled three times by leopard when things had gone wrong and he thought I was holding Mary to a standard of ethics which was too rigid and slightly murderous. But I had not invented them. I had learned them from Pop and Pop, on his lost lion hunt and taking out his last secret, wanted things to be as they were in the old days before the hunting of dangerous game had been corrupted and made easy by what he always called "these bloody cars."

This lion had beaten us twice and both times I had easy chances at him which I had not taken because he was Mary's. The last time Pop had made a mistake. He was so anxious for Mary to get the lion before he had to leave us that he made an error, as anyone can who is trying too hard.

Afterwards we had sat by the fire in the evening. Pop smoking his pipe while Mary wrote in her diary when she put in all the things she did not wish to say to us and her heartaches and disappointments and her new knowledge that she did not wish to parade in conversation and her triumphs that she did not wish to tarnish by talking of them. She was writing by the gaslight in the dining tent and Pop and I were sitting by the fire in our pajamas, dressing gowns and mosquito boots.

"He's a damned smart lion," Pop said. "We should have had him today if Mary had been a little taller. But it was my fault."

We avoided talking of the error which we both knew about.

"Mary will get him. But keep this in mind. I don't think he's too brave, mind you. He's too smart. But when he's hit he'll be brave enough when the time comes. Don't you let the time come."

"I'm shooting all right now."

Pop ignored that. He was thinking. Then he said,

"Better than all right, actually. Don't get overconfident but stay as confident as you are. He'll make a mistake and you'll get him. If only some lioness would come into beat. Then he'd be money from home. But they're about ready to pup now."

"What sort of mistake will he make?"

"Oh he'll make one. You'll know. I wish I didn't have to go before Mary gets him. Take really good care of her. See she gets some sleep. She's been at this now for a long time. Rest her and rest the damn lion. Don't hunt too hard. Let him get some confidence."

"Anything else?"

"Keep her shooting the meat and get her confident if you can."

"I thought of having her stalk until fifty yards and then maybe to twenty."

"Might work," said Pop. "We've tried everything else."

"I think it will work. Then she can take them at longer range."

"She makes the damndest shots," Pop said. "Then for two days who knows where it's going?"

"I think I have it figured out."

"So do I. But don't take her to any twenty yards on lion."

"I won't," I said. "Unless that's where we find him."

"I won't worry," Pop said. "But please think properly."

"I'll do it as you taught me."

"I'm not sure that's too bloody wonderful," Pop said.



About four o'clock I called for Ngui and when he came I told him to get Charo and the guns and to tell Muthoko to bring up the hunting car.

"Bring someone extra for lifting," I said. "Can you eat wildebeest?"

"Yes. But I'd rather eat popo."

"So would I. But there aren't any eland. I haven't seen one for two weeks."

"Palo?"

"An impalo or a Tommy and a wildebeest."

"Mzuri."

Mary was writing letters and I told her I had asked for the car and then Charo and Ngui came and pulled the guns in their full-length cases out from under the cots and Ngui assembled the big .577. They were finding shells and counting them and chucking on solids for the Springfield and the Mannlicher. It was the first of the fine movements of the hunt...

"What are we going to hunt?"

"We have to get meat. We'll try an experiment. Pop and I were talking about for practice for the lion. I want you to kill the wildebeest at twenty yards. You and Charo stalk him."

"I don't know if we can ever get that close."

"You'll get up. Don't wear your sweater. Take it and put it on if it gets cool coming home. And roll up your sleeves now if you're going to roll them up. Please, honey."

Miss Mary had a habit, just before she was going to shoot, of rolling up the right sleeve of her hush jacket. Maybe it was only turning back the cuffs. But it would frighten an animal at a hundred yards and over.

"You know I don't do that anymore."

"Good. The reason I mentioned the sweater is because it might make the rifle stock too long for you."

"All right. But what if it's cold in the morning when we find the lion?"

"I only want to see how you shoot without it. To see what difference it makes."

"Everybody's always experimenting with me. Why can't I just go out and shoot and kill cleanly?"

"You can, honey. You're going to now."

Mary was at the edge of the trees where she could shoot now and we watched Charo kneel and Mary raise her rifle and lower her head. We heard the shot and the sound of the bullet striking bone almost at the same time and saw the black form of the old wildebeest bull rise up in the air and fall heavily on his side. The other wildebeest hurt into a bounding gallop and we roared toward Mary and Charo and the black hump in the meadow.

Mary and Charo were standing close to the wildebeest when we all piled out of the hunting car. Charo was very happy and had his knife out. Everyone was saying, "Paga mzuri. Ulipeja mzuri sana. Memshih, Mzuri, mzuri sana."

I put my arm around her and said, "It was a beautiful shot, Kitten, and a fine stalk. Now shoot him just at the base of the left ear for kindness."

Miss Mary's Lion

"Shouldn't I shoot him in the forehead?"

"No, please, just at the base of the ear."

She waved everyone back, turned the safety bolt over, raised the rifle, cheeked it properly, took a deep breath, expelled it, put her weight on her left front foot and fired a shot that made a small hole at the exact juncture of the base of the left ear and the skull. The wildebeest's front legs relaxed slowly and his head turned very gently. He had a certain dignity in death and I put my arm around Mary and turned her away so she would not see Charo slip the knife into the sticking place which would make the bull legal meat for the Mohammedans.

"Kitten, you go and sit in the car and have a drink from the Jinny flask. I'll help them load him in the back."

"Come and have a drink with me. I've just fed eighteen people with my rifle and I love you and I want to have a drink. Didn't Charo and I get up close?"

"You got up beautifully. You couldn't have done better."

The Jinny flask was in one pocket of the old Spanish double cartridge pouches. In it was a pint of Gordon's we had bought at Sultan Hamud. It was named after another old famous silver flask that had finally opened its seams at too many thousand feet during the war and had caused me to believe for a moment that I had been hit in the buttocks. The old Jinny flask had never repaired properly but we had named this squat pint bottle for the old tall hip-fitting flask that bore the name of a girl on its silver screw top and bore no names of the fights where it had been present nor any names of those who had drunk from it and now were dead. The bottles and the names would have covered both sides of the old Jinny flask if they had been engraved in modest size. But this new and unspectacular Jinny flask had close to tribal status.

Mary drank from it and I drank from it and Mary said, "You know Africa is the only place where straight gin doesn't taste any stronger than water."

"A little bit."

"Oh I meant it figuratively. I'll take another one if I may."

The gin did taste very good and clean and pleasantly warming and happy making and to me not like water at all. I handed the water bag to Mary and she took a long drink and said, "Water's lovely too. It isn't fair to compare them."

I left her holding the Jinny flask and went to the back of the car where the tailgate was down to make it easier to hoist the wildebeest in. We hoisted him in entire to save time and so that those that liked trips could take their pieces when he would be dressed out at camp. Hoisted and pushed in he

had no dignity and lay there glassy-eyed and haggard, his head at an absurd angle, his gray tongue protruding like a hanged man. Ngai who with Muthoka had done the heaviest lifting put his finger in the bullet hole which was above the shoulder. I nodded and we pushed the tailgate up and made it fast and I borrowed the water bag from Mary to wash my hands.

"Please take a drink, Papa," she said. "What are you looking gloomy about?"

"I'm not gloomy! But let me have a drink. Do you want to shoot again? We have to get a Tommy or an impala for Keiti. Charo, Mwendi, you and me."

"I'd like to get an impala. But I don't want to shoot anymore today. Please I'd rather not. I don't want to spoil it. I'm shooting just where I want to now."

"Where did you hold on him, Kitten," I said, hoping to ask the question. I was taking a drink while I asked it to make it very casual.

"Right on the center of his shoulder. Dead in the center. You saw the hole."

There had been a big drop of blood that had rolled down from the tiny hole high in the spine, rolled down to the center of the shoulder and stopped there. I had seen it when the strange, black antelope lay there in the grass with the front part of him still alive, but quiet, and the after part quite dead.

"Good, Kitten," I said. "Are you sure you don't want to take the other one?"

"No, I want you to shoot. You ought to keep in practice too."

Yes, I thought. Maybe I should. I took another drink of the gin.

"I'll take the Jinny flask," Mary said. "I don't have to shoot anymore. I'm so happy that I shot him so that it pleased you. I wish Pop had been here too."

But Pop was not here and, at point-blank range she had shot fourteen inches higher than she had aimed, downing the beast with a perfect high spinal shot. So a certain problem still existed.

At the camp I found Mary sitting in her chair under the biggest tree writing in her diary. She looked up at me and then smiled and I was very glad.

"I'm having fun," she said. "It's such a wonderful morning and I'm enjoying it and watching the birds and identifying them. Have you seen that wonderful roller? I'd be happy just watching the birds."

"But isn't there something special that you'd like to do?"

"No. But do you think maybe before the dry gets

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Miss Mary's Lion

too warm we might just go for a little hunt up to the gerenuk country? I think I am beginning to understand it better now."

But the gerenuk country was as difficult as ever. Miss Mary had grown no taller and the bush was as tall as ever. She hunted hard and Ngai and I stayed as far away as we could, so far that I was nervous. But I had seen no rhino in there the day before and we saw no fresh spoor. I felt badly about Mary having the feeling she was never allowed to hunt alone and I stretched the safety limit as far as I dared. Then I remembered my obligation to Pop and moved up too close to be popular. She did not seem to mind and we moved close enough so that there was no chance-taking. Then we saw a rhino track that was fresh and I sent Ngai back to the car and, with the big gun, moved up close to Mary. It was not a really dangerous country the way Magadi was, but it was spooky enough to make me sweat. Choro and I heard the parr that is like a fluttering tongue or the sound of a quail rising. I looked back and could see Ngai standing on the top of the hunting car and pointing off to our left. Then Choro touched Miss Mary's arm and we all moved off across the wind to our right and in a small clear place we waited until the car came up.

"Dama!" Ngai said. "A big bull. But the horn is short and wide."

"Can I see him?" Mary asked.

Choro and Ngai helped her up on the roof and she looked at the rhino, huge and gray in the brush, almost white from the dried mud of the wallow. His head was up and his ears swung forward as his nose searched the wind.

"Do you want to take his picture?"

"No. He's too far away to mean anything."

"We can't bring him closer. The hunting car couldn't get away from him in this. I'll find you another one where he can chase us in the open."

"Every time there's something to spell the gerenuk hunting. We're close to the best place now."

I had been scared, as always, being responsible for Mary where there was a rhino in thick cover. I knew rhino were stupid and they charged the scent and were easy to outmaneuver. They were half blind, but some saw better than others and when they came through the bush like a crazy locomotive they were always impressive. They were easy to kill, but I had shot one through the heart with the .577 and had him go a hundred yards at top speed before he went into the swirl of his death. If I was alone I was not frightened of them because the .577 would always turn them even if the solid did not hit bone and break them down. But in thick country you never knew where the other one was and it was

the other one with these animals that could kill you. So I was looking at the incredibly armored, stupid, bad-tempered and unlovely animal who yet looked oddly beautiful in his coat of white dried mud and his belligerence that stood like a baffled piece of armor. They have to live all their life with the turret buttoned down, I thought.

"You're sure he wouldn't make a picture?" I asked.

"No," Miss Mary said. "You have to get close to get pictures."

So we let it go at that and we moved off to another more open piece of country where the hunting of the gerenuk resumed. This time I did not give a damn if I were criticized or told I was playing the nursemaid or the overgunned governess and stayed exactly where I should stay and moved as Pop had taught me. I had realized long before why white hunters were paid as well as they were and I understood why they shifted camp to hunt their clients where they could protect them accurately. Pop would never have hunted Miss Mary here I knew, and would have taken no nonsense. But I remembered how women almost always fell in love with their white hunters and I hoped something spectacular would come up where I could be my client's hero and thus become beloved as hunter by my lawful wedded wife instead of her unpaid and annoying bodyguard.

Such situations do not come up too often in real life and when they do they are over so quickly, since you do not permit them to develop, that the client thinks they were extremely facile. On this last stage of the usual unsuccessful, and doomed to success forever unless gerenuks became crazy or women walked on stilts as people do in the Landes, gerenuk hunt I had that detached clarity of mind which comes from lack of sleep and from having had drink before breakfast. When we had worked the country over and started back to camp I had become automatic in my reflexes and had dissociated myself from the exercise. It seemed natural if I should be reprimanded for this, and it was certainly not the way a white hunter, that iron-served pender to what a woman expects, should behave. But instead Miss Mary was very gracious and said that it had been an exciting hunt, that I had been so good and understanding about not keeping too close, how wonderful the rhino had looked in his white armor and that we did not really need a gerenuk anyway. It was the hunting that counted, not the killing, and that she was glad the gerenuk were safe and happy. I never had known how happy a gerenuk was, browsing on semi-dry brush and beset by enemies both day and night and the last one I had killed, which bore a marvelous pair of horns

Miss Mary's Lion

for a peremak, and that is saying very little, was so old, so tired, so rotted with foul diseases and pus that his hide was unusable and his meat had to be burned. We did not want the vultures spreading whatever melodies he suffered from, or simply maintained. But in my suspended sleepiness I was delighted that we had participated in a good hunt and I hoped the lion would get down to the plain and become just a little bit confident and that we might get it over with.



THE INFORMER

It was quiet around camp and everyone had settled into the normal life. Miss Mary wrote her diary and seemed quite happy. Ngui had asked me if we were going out in the car before five o'clock as he would like to take a walk up the road and bathe in the river. He said he would get the word from the shambe and make a general check concerning Mau Mau activities. I asked him to take it easy on the general check aspect. He could make the general check with his eyes and not his mouth. About then Arap Maina came in from Lotokitok. He had gotten quite drunk but remembered everything he had seen and heard and it was very interesting. He did not think there was any likelihood of a Mau Mau raid on the camp but there was always the possibility. He had a low opinion of the Lotokitok Mau Mau and said the Masai Mau Mau missionary was a coward and a bluff and that the Masai did not take him or Mau Mau seriously. He said the local Masai were corrupted by drink as we had seen. He was well loved and respected in the district and I took everything he said very seriously. He said it would be a good thing if he and I went out into Lotokitok and both became a little drunk. He said many people had asked why I had not come into town lately. He said that The Informer had lost any real usefulness since the widow had cuckolded him. He explained that a man who has the status of the protector of a widow if he is publicly and notoriously made a cuckold by the widow he protects loses all caste. He thought it would be a sound idea

if I protected the widow and disciplined her. The widow wished this, he said, and stated that it was only because The Informer was impotent that she had made him a cuckold. The widow wished that The Informer might be sent to some distant place if it were impossible to have him hanged.

I explained that I had no authority to hang The Informer or anyone else. He took this as a pleasantry and I asked him about Miss Mary's lion. He said the lion had killed once more on his way down to the swamp and the plain and we would have him any day now.

After that we had a drink together and I told him to get some sleep and come to camp before dark and we would take watch and watch during the night. I took some of his snuff and poked it under my upper lip and went to sleep in the log chair under the tree.

When I woke the clouds had come down from the Chylus and were black across the flank of the mountain. The sun was still out but you could feel the wind coming and the rain behind it. I shouted to Mwendi and to Ketti and by the time the rain hit, coming across the plain and through the trees in a solid white, then torn, curtain everyone was pounding stakes, loosening and tightening guy ropes and then ditching. It was a heavy rain and the wind was wild. For a moment it looked as though the main sleeping tent might go but it held when we pegged the windward end heavily. Then the roar of the wind was gone and the rain held steadily. It rained all that night and nearly all of the next day.

It was pleasant in the mess tent with the heavy beating of the rain and I read and drank a little and did not worry at all about anything. Everything had been taken out of my control for a moment and I welcomed the lack of responsibility and the splendid inactivity with no obligation to kill, pursue, protect, intrigue, defend or participate and I welcomed the chance to read. We were getting a little far down into the book bag but there were still some hidden values mixed in with the required reading and there were 20 volumes of Simenon in French that I had not read. If you are to be rained in while camped in Africa there is nothing better than Simenon and with him I did not care how long it rained. You draw perhaps three good Simenons out of each five but an addict can read the bad ones when it rains and I would start them, mark them bad or good, there is no intermediate grade with Simenon except when he is tired, and then having classified a half dozen and cut the pages I would read, happily transferring all my problems to Maigret, bearing with him in his encounters with idocy and the Quai des

Orfèvres, and happy in his sagacity and true understanding of the French, a thing only a man of his nationality could achieve, since Frenchmen are barred by some obscure law from understanding themselves *sous peine de travail force à la perpetuite.*³

Miss Mary seemed resigned to the rain which was steadier now and no less heavy and she had given up writing letters and was reading something that interested her. It was *The Prince by Machiavelli*. I wondered what it would be like if it should rain three days or four. With Simonen in the quantities that I possessed of him I was good for a month if I stopped reading and thought between books, pages, or chapters. Driven by continuing rain I could think between paragraphs, not thinking of Simonen but of other things and I thought I could last a month quite easily and profitably even if there should be nothing to drink and I should be driven to using Arap Maine's snuff or trying out the different brews from the medicinal trees and plants we had come to know.



"This is a rough-joking outfit," Miss Mary said. "You and G.C. joke very rough and Pop jokes quite rough. I joke rough too I know. But not as bad as all of you."

"Some jokes are all right in Africa but they don't travel because people don't realize what the country and the animals are like, it is all the world of the animals and they have predators. People who have never known predators don't know what you are talking about. Nor do people that never had to kill their meat. And they don't know the tribes and what is natural and normal. I put it very badly I know, Kittern, but I'll try and write it so it can be understood. But you have to say so many things that most people will not understand nor conceive of doing."

"I know," Mary said. "And the liars write the books and how can you compete with a liar? How can you compete with a man who writes how he

shot and killed a lion and then they carried him to camp in a leery and suddenly the lion come alive? How can you compete with the truth against a man who says the Great Rusha was maggoty with crocodiles? But you don't have to."

"No," I said. "And I won't. But you can't blame the liars because all a writer of fiction is really is a congenital liar who invents from his own knowledge or that of other men. I am a writer of fiction and so I am a liar too and invent from what I know and what I've heard. I'm a liar."

"But you would not lie to G.C. or Pop or me on what a lion did, or a leopard did, or what a buff did."

"No. But that is private. A man who writes a novel or a short story is a liar *ipso facto*. His only excuse is that he makes the truth as he invents it truer than it would be. That is what makes good writers or bad. If he writes in the first person, stating it is fiction, critics now will still try to prove these things never happened to him. It is as silly as trying to prove Defoe was not Robinson Crusoe so therefore it is a bad book. I'm sorry if I sound like speeches. But we can make speeches together on a rainy day...."

"The other day you said all writers were crazies and today you say they're all liars."

"Did I say they were all crazies?"

"Yes. You and G.C. both said it."

"Was Pop here?"

"Yes. He said all game wardens were crazy and so were all white hunters and the white hunters had been driven crazy by the game wardens and by the writers and by motor vehicles."

"Pop is always right."

"He told me never to mind about you and G.C. because you were both crazy."

"We are," I said. "But you mustn't tell outsiders."

"But you don't really mean that all writers are really crazy?"

"Only the good ones."

"But you got angry when that man wrote a book about how you were crazy."

"Yes. Because he did not know about it nor how it worked just as he knew nothing about writing."

"It's awfully complicated," Miss Mary said.

"I won't try to explain it. I'll try to write something to show you how it works."

"Pop's very interested in it. He said you were a crazy and always had been but that he trusted you absolutely and I should trust you too. Sometimes it all gets discouraging. But I'm not discouraged and I love our life. Can I make you a drink? You read now. We don't have to talk."

"Do you want to read?"

³E. H. manuscript note: "Correct from French paper money."

Miss Mary's Lion

"Yes. I'd love to. And us both have a drink and listen to the rain."

"We'll have a lovely time when it's over."

"We're having a lovely time now and I only worry about the animals getting so wet."

So I sat for a while and revved La Maseca du Casai and I thought about the animals getting wet. The hippos would be having a good time today but it was no day for the other animals and especially for the cats. The game had so many things that bothered it that the rain would only be bad for those that never had known it and those would only be the beasts born since the last rain. I wondered if the big cats killed in the rain when it was as heavy as this. They must have to, to live. The game would be much easier to approach but the lion and leopard and cheetah must hate to get so wet when they hunted. Maybe the cheetah not so much because they seemed part dog and their coats were made for wet weather. The snakeholes would be full of water and the snakes would be out and this rain would bring the flying ants too.

I thought how lucky we were this time in Africa to be living long enough in one place so that we knew the individual animals and knew the snakeholes and the snakes that lived in them. When I had first been in Africa we were always in a hurry to move from one place to another to hunt beasts for trophies. If you saw a cobra it was an accident as it would be to find a retiller on the road in Wyoming. Now we knew many places where cobras lived. We still discovered them by accident but they were in the area where we lived and we could return to them afterwards and when by accident we killed a snake he was the snake who lived in a particular place and hunted his area as we lived in ours and moved out from it. It was G.C. who had given us this great privilege of getting to know and live in a wonderful part of the country and have some work to do that justified our presence there and I always felt deeply grateful to him.

The time of shooting beasts for trophies was long past with me. I still loved to shoot and to kill cleanly. But I was shooting for the meat we needed to eat and to hack up Miss Mary and against beasts that had been outlawed for cause and for what is known as control of marauding animals, predators and vermin. I had shot one impale for a trophy and an oryx for meat at Magadi which turned out to have fine enough horns to make it a trophy and a single buffalo in an emergency which served for meat at Magadi when we were very short and which had a pair of horns worth keeping to recall the manner of the small emergency Mary and I had shared. I remembered it now with happiness and I knew I

would always remember it with happiness. It was one of those small things that you can go to sleep with, that you can wake with happy in the night and that you could recall if necessary if you were ever tortured.

"Do you remember the morning with the buff, Kitten?" I asked.

She looked across the mess table and said, "Don't ask me things like that. I'm thinking about the lion."

So now we had her lion coming up as soon as the rain would be over and there was the leopard I had promised and guaranteed to kill, honorably, by a certain date.

Those were the only fixed engagements in the book. There would be many duties and interruptions I knew. But those were the two fixtures. So we sat reading in the rain knowing that those were two things that must happen.



In spite of the steady noise of the rain I did not sleep well and I woke twice sweating with nightmares. The last one was a very bad one and I reached out under the mosquito net and felt for the water bottle and the square flask of gin. I brought it into the bed with me and then tucked the netting back under the blanket and the air mattress of the cot. In the dark I rolled my pillow up so I could lay back with my head against it and found the small helmsan needle pillow and put it under my neck. Then I felt for my pistol alongside my leg and for the electric torch and then unscrewed the top of the flask of gin.

In the dark with the heavy noise of the rain I took a swallow of the gin. It tasted clean and friendly and made me brave against the nightmare. The nightmare had been about as bad as they come and I have had some bad ones in my time. I knew I could not drink while we were hunting Miss Mary's lion; but we would not be hunting him tomorrow in the wet. Tonight was a bad night for some reason. I had been spoiled by too many good nights and I had come to think that I did not have nightmares

anymore. Well I knew now. Perhaps it was because the tent was so battened down against the rain that there was no proper ventilation. Perhaps it was because I had had no exercise all day.

I took another swallow of the gin and it tasted even better and more like the old Giant Killer. It had not been such an exceptional nightmare, I thought. I've had much worse than that. But what I knew was that I had been through with nightmares, the real ones that could drench you in sweat, for a long time and I had only had good or bad dreams and most of the nights they were good dreams.

In the morning it was cold with heavy clouds over all the mountain. There was a high wind again and the rain came in patches but the heavy solid rain was over. I went out to the lines to talk with Keiti and found him very cheerful. He was wearing a raincoat and an old felt hat. He said the weather would probably be good by the next day and I told him we would wait until Memaahib woke before driving in the lunt pegs and loosening the wet ropes. He was pleased that the ditching had turned out so well and that neither the sleeping tent nor the mess tent had been wet. He had already sent for a fire to be built and everything was looking better. I told him I had a dream that it had rained heavily up in the reserves. This was a lie but I thought it was good to weigh in with a good heavy lie. If you are going to prophesy it is good to prophesy with the odds in your favor and I thought this dream was much sounder to weigh in with than one of my nightmares.

Keiti heard my dream through with attention and with simulated respect. Then he told me that he had dreamed that it had rained heavily all the way to the Tana River, which was on the edge of the desert, and that six safaris were cut off and would not be able to move for weeks. This, as it was calculated to do, made a very small thing of my dream. I knew that my dream had been registered and would be checked on but I thought I ought to back it up. So I told him, quite truly, that I dreamed that we hanged The Informer. Recounting this I gave him the exact procedure; where, how, why; how he had taken it and how we had taken him out, afterwards, in the hunting car to leave him to be eaten by the hyenas.

Keiti hated The Informer and had for many years and he loved this dream but was careful that I should know that he himself had not dreamed of The Informer at all. This was important, as I knew, but I gave him some more details of the execution. He was delighted with them. Then he said wistfully, but in full judgment, "You must not do."

DEBBA



The Informer came in wet and not happy. His style and his gallantry were not gone but they had been dampened. He coughed his cough at once so there would be no doubt of it and it was a legitimate cough....

"Brother, what is this of the dream that I am hanged?"

"It is a dream that I had but I should not tell it to you before I have eaten breakfast."

"But others have heard it before."

"I had taken early tea. Besides I do not wish to afflict you with it. It is better that you do not hear it. It was not an official dream."

"I could not bear to be hanged." The Informer said.

"I will never hang you."

"But others could misunderstand my activities."

"No one will hang you unless you deal with the other people."

"But you know I must constantly deal with the other people."

"You understood the sense in which I spoke. Now go to the campfire and get warm and I will make up the medicines."

"You are my brother."

"No," I said, "I am your friend."

He went off to the fire and I opened the medicine chest and got out Atabrine and aspirin and liniment and some sulfa and some cough lozenges and hoped I had made a small blow against the dream. But I could remember all the details of the execution of The Informer in about the third of the nightmares and I was ashamed of having even such a nocturnal imagination.

Close to camp, which showed against the trees, the smoke of the fires rising and the white and green tents looking comfortable and homelike, there were sand grouse drinking at the small pools of water on the open prairie. I got out with Ngui to get some for us to eat while Mary went on to camp. They were hunched low beside the little pools and scattered about in the short grass where the sand burrs grew. They clattered up and they were not

Miss Mary's Lion

hard to hit if you took them quickly on the rise. These were the medium-sized sand grouse and they were like plump little desert pigeons masquerading as partridges. I loved their strange flight which was like a pigeon or a kestrel and the wonderful way they used their long backswept wings once they were in full flight. Walking them up this way was nothing like shooting them when they came in great strings and pecks to the water in the morning in the dry season when C.C. and I would take only the highest crossing birds and high incomes and paid a shilling penalty anytime we took more than one bird to a shot fired. Walking them up you missed the guttural chuckling noise the pecks made as they talked across the sky. I did not like to shoot so close to camp either so I took only four brace which would make at least two meals for the two of us or a good meal if anyone dropped in.

The men did not like to eat them. I did not like them as well as lesser bustard, teal or snipe or the spurwing plover. But they were very good eating and would be good for supper. The small rain had stopped again but the mist and the clouds came down to the foot of the mountain.

Mary was sitting in the dining tent with a Campari and soda.

"Did you get many?"

"Eight. They were a little like shooting pigeons at the club."

"They break away much faster than pigeons."

"I think it just seems that way because of the clutter and because they are smaller. Nothing breaks away faster than a really strong racing pigeon."

"My I'm glad we're here instead of shooting at the club."

"I am too. I wonder if I can go back there."

"You will."

"I don't know," I said. "I think maybe not."

"There are an awful lot of things I'm not sure I can go back to."

"I wish we didn't have to go back at all. I wish we didn't have any property nor any possessions nor any responsibilities. I wish we only owned a safari outfit and a good hunting car and two good trucks."

"Everybody you know would come and visit you and go on free safaris," Miss Mary said. "I'd be the most popular hostess under canvas in the world. I know just how it would be. People would turn up in their private planes and the pilot would get out and open the door for the man and then the man would say 'Bet you can't tell me who I am. I'll bet you don't remember me. Who am I?' Sometime somebody is going to say that and I'm going to ask Choro for my bunduki and shoot the man right straight between the eyes."

"And Choro can haul him," she added.

"They don't eat men."

"The Wakamba used to. In what you and Pop always refer to as the good old days."

"You're some sort of a part Wakamba. Would you eat a man?"

"No," I said. "Positively no."

"I'm glad of that," Miss Mary said. "Those are words to live by. Do you know I've never killed a man in my life? Do you remember when I wanted to share everything with you and I felt so terribly because I had never killed a kudu and how worried everyone became?"

"I remember very well."

"Should I make the speech about when I kill the woman who steals your affections?"

"If you'll make me a Campari and soda too."

"I will and I'll make you the speech."

She poured the red Campari bitters and put in some Cordón's and then squirted the siphon.

"The gin is a reward for listening to the speech. I know you've heard the speech many times. But I like to make it. It's good for me to make it and it's good for you to hear it."

"O.K. Start it."

"Ah hah," Miss Mary said. "So you think you can make my husband a better wife than I can. Ah hah. So you think you are ideally and perfectly suited to one another and that you will be better for him than I am. Ah hah. So you think that you and he would lead a perfect existence together and at last he would have the love of a woman who understands Communism, psychoanalysis and the true meaning of the word love? What do you know about love you bedraggled hag? What do you know about my husband and the things we have shared and have in common?"

"Hear Hear."

"Let me go on. Listen you bedraggled specimen, thin where you should be robust, bursting with fat where you should show some signs of race and breeding. Listen you woman. I have killed an innocent buck deer at a distance of three hundred and forty estimated yards and have eaten him with no remorse. I have shot the kunguon and the wildebeest which you resemble. I have shot and killed a great and beautiful oryx that is more beautiful than any woman and has horns more decorative than any man. I have killed more things than you have made peesies at and I tell you you will cease and desist in your mealy-mouthed mouthings to my husband and leave this country or I will kill you dead."

¹As outrageous pun, meaning being the corn that his "Ham-cade" sometimes brought to the camp for E.H.

"It's a wonderful speech. You wouldn't ever make it in Swahili would you?"

"There's no need to make it in Swahili," Miss Mary said. She always felt a little like Napoleon at Austerlitz after the speech. "The speech is for white women only. It certainly does not apply to your fiancée. Since when does a good loving husband not have a right to a fiancée if she only wishes to be a supplementary wife? That is an honorable position. The speech is directed against any filthy white woman who thinks that she can make you happier than I can. The upstarts."

"It's a lovely speech and you make it more clear and forcible each time."

"It's a true speech," Miss Mary said. "I mean every word of it. But I've tried to keep all bitterness and any sort of vulgarity out of it. I hope you didn't think meaty-mouthed had anything to do with me."

"I didn't think so."

"That's good."

NGUI



"Oh, I hope my lion will come and I'll be tall enough to see him clearly when the time comes," Miss Mary said. "Do you know how much he means to me?"

"I think so. Everybody does."

"Some people think I'm crazy. I know. But in the old days people went to search for the Holy Grail and for the Golden Fleece and they weren't supposed to be silly. A true great lion is better and more serious than any cups or sheepskins. I don't care how Holy or Golden they were. Everybody has something that they want truly and my lion means everything to me. I know how patient you've been about him and how patient everyone has been. But now I'm sure after this rain I'll meet him. I can't wait until the first night that I hear him roar."

"He has a wonderful roar and you'll see him soon."

"Outside people will never understand. But he will make up for everything."

"I know. You don't hate him do you?"

"No. I love him. He's wonderful and he is intelligent and I don't have to tell you why I have to kill him."

"No. Certainly not."

"Pop knows. And he explained to me. He told me, too, about that terrible woman and when everyone shot her he shot forty-two times. I better not talk about it because no one can ever understand."

"We understand and those people that don't we can only be sorry for."

That night when we had gone to our own beds but were not yet asleep we heard the lion roar. He was north of the camp and the roar came low and mounting in heaviness and then ended in a sigh.

"I'm coming in with you," Mary said.

We lay close together in the dark under the mosquito bar. My arm around her, and listened to him roar again.

"There's no mistaking when it's him," Mary said. "I'm glad we're in bed together when we hear him."

He was moving to the north and west, grunting deeply and then roaring. You cannot describe a wild lion's roar. You can only say that you listened and the lion roared. It is not at all like the noise the lion makes at the start of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. When you hear it you first feel it in your scrotum and it runs all the way up through your body.

"He makes me feel hollow inside," Mary said.

"He really is the king of the night."

We listened and he roared again still moving to the northwest. This time the roar ended with a cough.

"Just hope he kills," I said to Mary. "Don't think about him too much and sleep well."

"I have to think about him and I want to think about him. He's my lion and I love and respect him and I have to kill him. He means more to me than anything except you and our people. You know what he means."

"Too bloody well," I said. "But you ought to sleep, honey. Maybe he is roaring to keep you awake."

"Well then let him keep me awake," Mary said. "If I'm going to kill him he has a right to keep me awake. I love everything he does and everything about him."

"But you ought to sleep a little bit, honey. He wouldn't like you not to sleep."

"He doesn't care about me at all. I care about him. You ought to understand."

"I understand. But you ought to sleep good now, my Kitten. Because tomorrow in the morning it starts."

Miss Mary's Lion

"I'll sleep. But I want to hear him speak once more."

She was very sleepy and I thought that this girl who had lived her life never wishing to kill anything until she had fallen in with bad characters during the war had been hunting lions too long on a perfectly straight basis which, without a professional to back her up, was not a sound trade or occupation and could be very bad for one and obviously was being that at this moment. Then the lion roared again and coughed three times. The coughs came from the earth where he was, direct into the tent.

"I'll go to sleep now," Miss Mary said. "I hope he didn't cough because he had to. Can he catch cold?"
"I don't know, honey."

Then she was asleep. I occupied a small part of the big cot and listened to the lion. He was silent until about three o'clock when he killed. After that the hyenas all started to speak and the lion fed and from time to time spoke gruffly. There was no talk from his lionesses. One I knew was about to have cubs and would have nothing to do with him and the other was her girl friend. I thought it was still too wet to find him when it was light, but there was always a chance.

Long before it was light Mwendu woke us with the tea. He said "hock" and left the tea outside the door of the tent on the table. I took a cup in to Mary and dressed outside. It was overcast and you could not see the stars.

Charo and Ngau came in the dark to get the guns and the cartridges and I took my tea out to the table where one of the boys who served the mess tent was building up the fire. Mary was washing and getting dressed, still between sleeping and waking. I walked out and found the ground was still quite damp underfoot. It had dried during the night and it would be much drier than the day before. But I still doubted if we could take the car much past where I figured the lion had killed and I was sure it would be too wet beyond there and between there and the swamp.

The swamp was really manmade. There was an actual papyrus swamp with much flowing water in it that was a mile and a half across and perhaps four miles long. But the locality that we referred to as the swamp also consisted of the area of big trees that surrounded it. Many of these were on comparatively high ground and some were very beautiful. They made a band of forest around the true swamp but there were parts of this timber that had been pulled down by feeding elephants that were almost impassable. There were several rhino that lived in the forest, there were nearly always some

elephant now and sometimes there was a great herd of elephant. Two herds of buffalo used it. Leopards lived in the deep part of this forest and hunted out of it. And it was the refuge of this particular lion when he came down to feed on the game of the plains.

This forest of great, tall and fallen trees was the western boundary of the open and wooded plain and the beautiful glades that were bounded on the north by the salt flats and the broken lava rock country that led to the other great marsh that lay between our country and the Chyulu hills. On the east was the miniature desert that was the gerenuk country and farther to the east was a country of bushy broken hills that later rose in height toward the flanks of Mount Kilimanjaro. It was not as simple as that, but that was how it seemed from camp or from the center of the plain and the glades.

The lion's habit was to kill on the plain or in the broken glades during the night and then, having eaten, retire to the belt of forest that lay to the westward. Our plan was to locate him on his kill and stalk him there, or to have the luck to intercept him on his way to the forest. If he got enough confidence so that he would not go all the way to the forest we could track him from the kill to wherever he might lie up after he had gone for water.

While Mary was dressing and then making her way across the meadow to the belt of trees where the green canvas latrine tent was hidden I was thinking about the lion. We must take him on if there was any chance of success. But if there was only a chance of frightening him or of spooking him into high grass or difficult country where she could not see him because of her height we should leave him alone to become confident. I hoped we would find that he had gone off after he had fed, drunk at some of the surface water that still lay in the mud-holes of the plain, and then gone to sleep in one of the brush islands of the plain or the patches of trees in the glades.

The car was ready with Muthoka at the wheel and I had checked all the guns when Mary came back. It was light now but not light enough to shoot. The clouds were still well down the slopes of the mountain and there was no sign of the sun except that the light was strengthening. I looked through the sights of my rifle but it was still too dark to shoot. Charo and Ngau were both very serious and formal.

"How do you feel, Kitten?" I said to Mary.

"Wonderful. How do you think I'd feel?"

"Did you use the Eye-Gene?"

"Of course," she said. "Did you?"

"Yes. We're just waiting for it to get lighter."

"It's high enough for me."

"It isn't for me."

"You ought to do something about your eyes. Does Chare have plenty of ammo for me?"

"Ask him."

Mary spoke to Chare and he said he had means.

"Want to roll your right sleeve up?" I asked. "You asked me to remind you."

"I didn't ask you to remind me."

"Why don't you get angry at the lion instead of me?"

"I'm not angry at the lion in any way. Do you think there is enough light for you to see now?"

"Kwenda kiva simba," I said to Muthoka. Then to Ngai: "Stand up in back to watch."

We started off, the trees taking hold very well on the drying trail, me leaning out with both boots outside the cut-out door, the morning air cold off the mountain, the rifle feeling good. I put it to my shoulder and aimed a few times. Even with the big yellow light-concentrating glasses I wore there was not enough light yet to shoot safely. But it was twenty minutes to where we were going and the light was strengthening every minute.

"Light's going to be fine," I said.

"I thought it would," Mary said. I looked around. She was sitting with great dignity and she was chewing gum.

We went on up the track past the improvised airstrip. There was game everywhere and the new grass seemed to have grown an inch since the morning of the day before. There were white flowers coming up too, solid in the spread of the grass and making whole fields white. There was still some water in the low parts of the tracks and I motioned to Muthoka to turn off the trail to the left to avoid some standing water. The flowered grass was slippery under the tires. The light was getting better all the time.

Muthoka saw the birds perched heavily in the two trees off to the right beyond the next two glades and pointed. If they were still up it should mean the lion was on the kill. Ngai tapped on the top of the car with the palm of his hand and we stopped. I remember thinking that it was strange that Muthoka should have seen the birds, before Ngai when Ngai was much higher. Ngai dropped to the ground and came alongside of the car crouching low so his body would not break its outline. He grabbed my foot and pointed to the left in the direction of the forest.

The great black-maned lion, his body looking al-

most black and his huge head and shoulders swinging, was trotting into the tall grass.

"You see him?" I asked Mary softly.

"I see him."

He was into the grass now and only his head and shoulders showed; then only his head, the grass swaying and closing behind him. He had evidently heard the car or else he had started for the forest early and seen us coming up the road.

"There's no sense you going in there," I said to Mary.

"I know all that," she said. "If we'd have been out earlier we would have found him."

"It wasn't light enough to shoot. If you had wounded him I'd have had to follow him in there."

"We'd have had to follow him."

"The hell with the we stuff."

"How do you propose to get him then?" She was angry, but only angry with the prospect of action and a termination gone and not stupid in her anger so that she could expect to demand to be allowed to go into grass taller than her head after a wounded lion.

"I expect him to get confident when he sees us drive on now without even going over to his kill." Then I interrupted to say: "Get in, Ngai. Go ahead, pole pole Muthoka." Then feeling Ngai beside me and the car proceeding slowly along the track with my two friends and brothers watching the vultures perched in the trees, I said, "What do you think Pop would have done? Chased him into the grass and the down timber and taken you in where you're not tall enough to see? What are we supposed to do? Get you killed or kill the lion?"

"Don't embarrass Chare with your shouting."

"I wasn't shouting."

"You ought to hear yourself sometimes."

"Listen," I whispered.

"Don't say listen and don't whisper. And don't say on your own two feet and when the chips are down."

"You certainly make lion hunting lovely sometimes. How many people have betrayed you in it so far?"

"Pop and you and I don't remember who else G.C. probably will, too. If you know so much you lion hunting general who knows everything why haven't the birds come down to feed if the lion's left the kill?"

"Because either one or both of his lionesses are still on it or lying up close to it?"

"Aren't we going to see?"

"From farther up the road and so as not to speak anything, I want them all to be confident."

"Now I'm getting a little tired of the phrase 'I want them to be confident' if you can't vary your

Miss Mary's Lion

thinking you could try to vary your language."

"How long have you been hunting this lion now, honey?"

"It seems like forever and I could have killed him three months ago if you and G.C. would have let me. I had an easy chance and you wouldn't let me take him."

"Because we didn't know he was this lion, a marauding lion. He might have been a lion that had come from Amboseli with the drought. G.C. has a conscience."

"Both of you have the consciences of hush-weeky delinquents," Miss Mary said. "...Perhaps if we just drive back the way we've come he'll get used to seeing the hunting car. It would be fun to have breakfast."

It was what I had been hoping she would say.



ARAP MAINA

Arap Maina did not think that the lion would kill that night. I told him he had looked very heavy when he had gone off into the forest that morning. He doubted if the lionesses would kill that night either although they might and the lion might join them. I asked him if I should have made a kill and tied it up or covered it with brush to try to hold the lion. He said the lion was much too intelligent. We had killed for him once before and he had left the country. He had then been with a lioness that was in heat. He was fascinated by her and they paid no attention to us at all. The lion was so big and so beautiful that we, not knowing him nor his history, had believed that he must be a picture lion which had wandered out from the national park and that it would be murder for Mary to kill him. He was in the open under a tree and the lioness was teasing him. So it had looked like a wonderful chance to take photographs but when a piece of meat had been brought close to the tree he and the lioness had gone off into the edge of the belt of forest and had never come back. This was the time that Mary felt we had deprived her of him. But G.C. did not wish to take any chance of our killing a lion that had not been condemned and I agreed with him absolutely.

It was more than three months since Mary had first seen him with his lioness and since it is about three months and three weeks between breeding and the birth of the cubs this could be the same mate he had then. I was sure he was the same lion and so was Arap Maina but there was no way we could know about the lioness since she had altered in appearance so by being with cubs. Now she looked big enough to be a maneless lion.

Anyway food was plentiful now for the lions as more game was coming in from the direction of the Chyulus as the grass grew higher and Arap Maina was sure Mary's lion would be here for at least two weeks if unmolested. Other lions would certainly come in. But there was no possibility of confusing them with him. If we killed him it would satisfy the Masai and if cattle killing continued by any of the other lions, which seemed doubtful with so much game coming in, we would find the lion that did it and Arap Maina and I would kill him.

A large part of time in Africa is spent in talk. Where people are illiterate this is always true. Once you start the hunt hardly a word is spoken. You all understand each other and in hot weather your tongue is stuck dry in your mouth. But in planning a hunt in the evening there is usually much talking and it is quite rare that things come off as they are planned, especially if the planning is too complicated.

That night the lion proved us all to be wrong. He roared in the night to the north of the field where we had made the airstrip. Then he moved off roaring from time to time. Then another and less impressive lion roared several times. Then it was quiet for a long time. After that we heard the hyenas and from the way they called and from the high quivering laughing noise they made I was sure some lion had killed. After that there was the noise of lions fighting. This quieted down and the hyenas started to howl and laugh.

"You and Arap Maina said it was going to be a quiet night," Mary said very sleepily.

"Somebody killed something," I said.

"Well we came to Africa on purpose," Mary said.

"I'll tell you what I think they are doing."

"You and Arap Maina tell each other in the morning what you think they were doing. I have to go to sleep now to get up early. I want to sleep well so I'll be at my best."

Next Week

The climax of the hunt, in which the great black-maned lion makes a mistake, thus testing the nerves, reflexes, sensibilities and souls of his pursuers.

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Snowballing Through The Rockies

Sleigh racing was just a fond remembrance until it was revived by some Western sportsmen. Dispensing with the jingle bells, they now match horses worth thousands of dollars in cutters that would make Currier & Ives blanch

by Harold Peterson

How could even an impatient, short-memory country like the United States forget about cutters so quickly? Immobilized in cities by a few inches of snow, marooned in once self-reliant farmsteads by ice on rural roads, Americans now wait helplessly, fretfully, for the plows to come after a winter storm. Yet it was only a generation or so ago that winter was welcomed for travel—and racing.

In the same way that the first good snowfall was intently anticipated, the first serious thaw was nearly regretted. It was more than the agrarian certainty that the dawn-to-dusk labor of plowing, seeding, harrowing, picking, mowing, threshing, storing and preserving would begin again and continue until after harvest time, replacing the parties, dances and leisurely neighbor visiting of winter. It was the sure knowledge that the sucking mud of spring and gritty dust of summer made highroad and country lane alike less passable, less pleasant.

But when the snows arrived, from the cupola-topped carriage barns came the cheerful sleigh bells and the fast, graceful cutters, the racing sleighs. Shiny lacquer and ornate painted decoration were polished and steel runners carefully waxed. Ponderous horse-drawn rollers went out to pack down snow on the main roads, and where snow was wanting on bridges and in windblown places, it was supplied. The scene was set for cutter racing, for what man could resist matching his horse or team against

a neighbor's in chance meetings on a country road?

It is not such spontaneous sport these days, but cutter racing has returned. There are now 25 associations in five states—Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Colorado and Montana—that hold a full schedule of meetings all winter long. Horses are being specially raised and bred for the purpose, the most successful seeming to be quarter horses that are seven-eighths thoroughbred. The very best of them sell for up to \$40,000. Phototimers, photo-camera finishes and starting gates have supplanted lap-and-tap jockeying starts and cold thumbs on stopwatchs. And some bigger meets have even been televised.

Purists may be offended. Today's cutters tend to be made of aluminum, fiber glass or elaborately transmogrified oil drums. Worse, many places where the sport is now popular have had little snow in recent years, and drivers have resorted to putting their cutters on wheels. Some younger participants in the more snow-barren associations refer to the sport as "chariot" racing, the connection with Currier & Ives cutters being totally lost. They assume either that the idea recently sprang full-grown from some fertile young brain or conversely that it must have been exhumed from unimaginable antiquity. "It goes back to the Romans, I think," said one innocent. "You've seen the movie *Ben Hur*, haven't you?"

But for an association located deep in the snowbound Rockies, there is no mistake about

continued

Snowballing

Continued

the continuity with sleighing. Steamboat Springs, Colo., home of the Yampa Valley cutter racing association, is such a place. In that part of the state the roads were not plowed in wintertime until 1932, and the mail and everything else traveled by sleighs. In fact, as late as 1964 some people used cutters on their trips to town.

Snow in quantity—it falls eight, and sometimes nine, months of the year—makes the area a fine place for cutter racing, and last February it was the site of the annual Wyoming-Colorado interstate championships. Eleven feet of dry, flaky stuff that the Chamber of Commerce calls “champagne powder” had dropped on the town by the week of the big meet. Wayne Light, weather watcher for the local Steamboat Pilot, reported that only a little over two feet remained. But it was obvious a good deal more was on the way.

The fairgrounds where the cutter meets are held in close by Steamboat's lighted slalom ski course and one of the U.S.'s best ski jumps. Up the mountains march miles of massive black-green spruce in military formation. In the blinding white snow banked high along the quarter-mile track that brilliant Saturday, crystalline sparkles flashed reflections from the sun. Through their holiday glitter ran an exciting, familiar-unfamiliar pattern of hoofprints and interswitching runner tracks, a white-on-white carving.

Teams of horses in full harness, dozens of them, hitched to an eclectic lot of cutters, furthered a sense of the simple horse-drawn past. Ben Clinton's glossy black team—colt and dam—particularly disported time. The horses wore a white harness decorated with royal blue tassels and pompons, handmade by a wooden-legged driver known locally as Old Cedarfoot. Esthetically, the best of the cutters was a red sleigh on tubular aluminum runners that belonged to Fear Ranches of Big Piney, Wyo. Now-arcane talk of singletrees and doubletrees and neck yokes pleasantly punctuated conversations as leathery hands deftly knitted characterless straps into complicated harnessing.

A season-long series of races and a qualifying meet at Casper had winnowed the Wyoming contestants to the best of some 200 teams; and the redundant lit-

tle blizzard of the previous two days had kept many of the drivers who enter mostly for fun off the long, lonely highways. Sandy-haired Jim Toomer from Wyoming's Bridger Valley was the probable favorite. He was driving a pair of red-blanketed boys named Spick and Spook that had been salvaged out of a bucking string. The team had been winning all over Wyoming and at Casper had averaged 23 seconds flat for a quarter of a mile. The recognized world record in cutter racing is 21.58.

Toomer's closest competition was expected to come from Wayne Sanford, an Eastern-type horse fancier and gentleman rancher from Alcova, Wyo., with a brown colt named Roman Sandal Harlow and a gelding, Rusty Rainbar, Joe France, a stockman from Alcova, driving a sorrel pair called Flashy Failer and General Bar; tactician, stowling Bub Mathisen from Lander in the Wild River country, driving a sorrel stud and gelding, Speedy Lick and Tina's Sleeper, and his older brother Red Mathisen from Pinedale, with blacks called Hawk and Little Lick.

Rusty Baker, handling Rusty's Vandy and Kaweah Bar Bird, was acknowledged best of the Colorado entrants. There were sentimental favorites, too, like Glen Chivers, who advertised his business, Chivers Casing Crews, on the side of his cutter. And Gillis Mathisen, who had brought no fewer than three teams. And rancher Clarence Wheeler, whose twin nieces, girls with long nut-colored hair and violet eyes, rode his cutter to the starting gate.

Perfect weather warmed the enthusiasm of the paying customers, who sat on bales of hay during the Calcutta betting that precedes each of the races. Teams were “sold” two and three times at \$40 to \$80. Seldom did the chenting auctioneer have to interrupt his singing to comment on the merits of contestants, for everyone at the meeting seemed familiar with the stock. Ten percent is deducted from the Calcutta pools to pay for a post-meet dinner dance and to help defray drivers' travel expenses. Winners get no more than \$20 apiece, sometimes as little as \$1.50.

Matching the teams as closely as possible keeps the Calcuttas, and the races, exciting. It gives the slower entrants in-

centive to improve and drives the better competitors toward faster times. Two of the best teams, the ones belonging to Baker and Sanford, were scheduled to meet in the first race. Betting was even as the horses slowly pranced past the shopping spectators. Turning back toward the start as the second auction ended, the teams gingerly, skittishly, edged into the gates. Volunteers held each horse's head straight. Abruptly, the starter yanked down on a rope, four steel gates opened with a crash and a red flag dropped. The teams bolted out of the gate, their cutters flying through the air behind them. A cutter is airborne for at least 12 feet on a good start, and sometimes as far as 20 feet. Two racing teams in full gear at break-neck gallop are a crashing, slamming, shouting spectacle. Raw, hurtling power is the appeal, not grace. The noise alone jolts the track. The teams thunder down on the spectators like freight trains.

Slashing into the hard-rolled snow, the horses' hooves cup out huge snowballs, icy missiles that fly back at the drivers, raising welts and cuts. Sometimes horses stumble. Sometimes a harness strap or even a singletree snaps under the tremendous strain, sending all that power out of control. Sometimes a cutter will tip. Only once, however, has riding the tail of so much galloping horsepower fatally injured a driver. That time—at a Cheyenne race meeting last year—a driver was spilled under an oncoming team. His rib cage was punctured in 18 places.

Sanford's team barreled down the straightaway at close to 40 miles an hour and crossed the finish line in 23.61, a good length ahead of Baker. That was to be the best time of the day but not the best race. In a neck-to-neck, whip-to-whip duel that ended just shy of a dead heat, Bub Mathisen gintied past Jim Toomer by a nose in 24.02. And Red Mathisen's blacks beat Joe France by another nose in 23.93.

The travel-brochure day and the good times put the racers in euphoria for the banquet and dance. The men changed into beaded Western jackets and slicked up their pompadours. The women wore brocade dresses. All hands headed for the Down the Hatch Room at Steamboat Springs' Harbor Hotel.

continued



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Snowballing

continued

Gillis Mathisen was soon telling how Gene Fulmer, the former boxer, had a ranch in Utah and was a confirmed cutter racer, and about how his sister-in-law had won \$200 in the Calcutta. "But money has little to do with it," he said. "The one place we get any money, at Cheyenne, I won \$1,400. But we split the purse equally, and I wound up with \$300. It's the people and the fun in cutter racing, we have something in common. People have to be able to think to train a horse, not just turn it on like a snowmobile."

Talk turned to Doc Utterback, a local veterinarian who has a zany idea that all "chariot" racers should wear togas and Roman helmets to promote the sport, an idea that he sometimes puts into practice. "His helmet is a bean pot with a scrub brush on top of it," said Ray Wardell, a banker from Big Pacey. "He comes out of races with his cape covered with mud. I admit the crowd cheers for him twice as loud as anybody else, but cripes! People think you're two-thirds goofy for running for half a free drink, anyway."

After dinner and many affectionate introductions and acknowledgments, a country-Western band tuned up for a foot-stompin' dance. Sitting it out in a corner, Clarence Wheeler reminisced. "I remember when there were more dances out in the country schoolhouses than there were in town. It was nothing to go 10, 12 miles in a cutter every Saturday night. Folks would rent one similar to the kind doctors used on calls and come out from town. We had charcoal-burning foot warmers. My granddad ran one of Steamboat's three livery barns, Roper's Central, right where this hotel stands. He sold out in 1926, but I kept one team and drove them to school every day. No later than November you'd jack up your car on blocks and forget it until May. No way you could travel but horse and sleigh."

Although the dancing and talk went on till the small hours, everybody was out in the fairgrounds the next afternoon by one o'clock. The same could not be said for the sun. During the night temperatures had dropped to 30° below, and at 1:30 it was about 6° with a stiff breeze. These people who normally are phlegmatic about cold were hopping

up and down and complaining energetically to warm themselves, their weathered faces alarming shades of purple and red. Auctioneer Darwin Lockhart needed a lot of coaxing to heat up interest in the Calcuttas.

But the best races, grouped at the beginning of the program, matched the fastest times of the first day and were so hotly contested that they rekindled excitement. Toomer's reformed bucking horses beat Baker by one-hundredth of a second in a time of 23.08, the best of the championships. Bub Mathisen's sorrels scrambled past Joe France 24.02 to 24.08, Red Mathisen, going off as an underdog to Sanford, was clocked in exactly the same time, 23.98. Only the photo-finish camera showed Mathisen the winner.

After that, until Clarence Wheeler upset Chivers in the last race, cups of hot chili and coffee from the Kiwanis concession were a great help. But as the last teams were slipped out of their tugs and loin straps and walked, breath steaming in the zero cold, men with hundreds of miles of icy road to drive lingered surprisingly long. The romance of runners on squeaking snow and the muffled hooffalls of dark horses gliding over smooth whiteness seemed to hold them. Despite the occasional wheels and bicycle banana seats and oil-drum origin of some of the cutters much of the scene was out of old lithographs and brought to mind what British Writer George Makepeace Towle saw when he described an American winter: "On some cold November morning you wake up to hear, in every direction, hundreds of liquid tinkling bells. You glance out of your bedroom window; the earth is clothed, the houses are mantled with a heavy feathery crust of snow, and hither and thither are jingling sleighs, the whips are lustily cracking, the horses themselves feel the infection in the air, and run briskly, jumping and bounding as if they too rejoiced that the snow had come. Sleighs of every sort and size, shell-shaped sleighs, lavishly adorned, brass-trimmed; heavy square sleighs, full of buffalo robes and wrappers; sleighs which are but carts on runners, in one of which your milkman dashes up, and from which he brings out his long tin can . . . great excursion sleighs, painted gaudily and with quaint figureheads. . . ."

And cutters, racing,

END



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The shape of things to come.

Prediction

The Volkswagen Beetle will be around for years to come.

Prediction

Someone else somewhere will introduce a new economy car and there will be lots of excitement.

Prediction

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Prediction

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Prediction

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Prediction

Sometime in 1972, the Beetle will become the most popular single model automobile ever made in the world, by-passing the Model T Ford with production of over 15 million vehicles.



Prediction

We won't let that last prediction go to our heads.

GOREN'S CHRISTMAS QUIZ

7:21	
GOREN	14
OPPONENT	0
FIRST DO	



WHAT'S THE SCORE SO FAR?

Bidding in part-score situations is one of the most difficult areas to master in bridge. Even the experts disagree on procedural tactics. The proper action often depends upon the caliber of the opposition, not to mention your partner, so the plain fact is that many decisions call for individual judgment rather than rules. Indeed, if there is any one hard-and-fast rule, it is: beware of axioms (a bid over game is always a slam try; on opening two bid is not forcing if it is enough for game). These rarely hold true. This quiz, which assumes that the competition is more or less equal, is designed to test your bidding judgment in some of the more frequently encountered part-score situations. Score 75 to 100 and you will win this game, and no doubt many others. Earn 50 or more and your part scores will still help you toward a profit. Below 50 you may be better off with a new game plan. On each of the following hands you are South, holding the cards shown under the scoring and bidding conditions described. How do you bid?

1 Both sides vulnerable
Both sides +60

EAST SOUTH WEST NORTH
PASS 1

5 North-South vulnerable
North-South +60

NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
2♥ PASS 2

9 Both sides vulnerable
North-South +70

NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1♥ PASS 1

13 Both sides vulnerable
Both sides +40

NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
PASS PASS 1

Neither side vulnerable
Both sides +40



EAST SOUTH WEST NORTH
PASS ?

Neither side vulnerable
Both sides +40



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1♦ PASS ?

Both sides vulnerable
North-South +40



SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST
1 NT PASS 2♦ PASS
2♥ PASS 3♥ PASS

Both sides vulnerable
North-South +90



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1♥ PASS ?

Both sides vulnerable
East-West +40



EAST SOUTH WEST NORTH
1♦ PASS 2♦ PASS

East-West vulnerable
Both sides +40



WEST NORTH EAST SOUTH
1 NT PASS 2♦ ?

Both sides vulnerable
North-South +80



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1♥ PASS ?

Both sides vulnerable
East-West +30



EAST SOUTH WEST NORTH
1♥ PASS 2♥ DOUBLE
3♥ ?

Both sides vulnerable
Both sides +60



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
PASS PASS ?

Both sides vulnerable
Both sides +40



WEST NORTH EAST SOUTH
1♦ PASS 2♦ ?

Both sides vulnerable
Both sides +40



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1♦ PASS 1♥ PASS
3♦ PASS ?

Both sides vulnerable
North-South +60



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
1♦ PASS 1♥ PASS
1♦ PASS 2♥ PASS
2♥ PASS ?

THE ANSWERS

1 2 NT-7 1-3 1 NT-2 2-1

With a clear score, your point count would be subpar (22 points, minimum) even for a nonforcing opening bid of two no trump. But the requirements may be shaded with a part score, and here a mild overbid at the outset can prevent all sorts of headaches later on. Note, too, that your bid over game is not necessarily a slam try. Partner can pass, respond weakly or move cautiously toward slam. One diamond might be passed out, or it might leave you with a rebidding problem. One no trump is more likely to trap a strong partner than a weak opponent. And although the requirements for opening a strong (forcing) two bid may also be lowered slightly with a part score, opening with two diamonds on this hand would be too long a stretch.

2 1-6 pass-2

Light opening hands should not be passed when you are the first to speak for your side. You would prefer to have greater strength in the majors, but it is better to bid than to pass in the ostrichlike hope that the opponents will fail to discover a major-suit fit if they have the balance of power. By bidding, you will also take the strain off partner, who may decide, with a minimum opening in fourth seat, to toss it in if you pass. Finally, it is usually safer to open than to try to compete later.

3 pass-6 1 NT-3 2-1

Any bid at this point may lead partner to count on you for strength you don't own. Your best chance to buy the contract—and your game—for three diamonds is to pass initially. One no trump is not a contract you want to play, but if you bid it, the chances are that partner will not stop short of the 60 points you need to convert your partial. You hope he will not rebid two spades; you can pass two hearts or remove from two clubs to two diamonds. The award for an immediate two-diamond bid is for bravery.

4 4-7 6 NT-3 5 NT-1 pass-minus 1

Here partner's bid over score is clearly a slam try. Your hand is supermaximum (with a clear score, you would have opened one club rather than one no

trump because your count is 19 points, including distribution). By cue-bidding your high-card strength now you may pave the way to a grand slam that you will surely miss if you leap directly to six hearts. Four no trump might be mistaken for a no-trump raise and passed by partner. Five hearts is overly timid but certainly better than a pass, which receives a one-point demerit.

5 2 NT-6 3-2 pass-minus 1

The fact that partner already has bid enough for game is no excuse for you to pass. Besides, even though partner may have been shading, an opening two bid in a suit is always forcing, so you must respond at least once. In this case, a conservative two-no-trump response is better than a positive answer in a weak suit. Thereafter, if partner rebids in either minor, your hand will be worth a move toward slam.

6 2 NT-6 pass-2 1 NT-0

Partner might consider your two-heart response as a mild slam try, but if he does make a move in that direction, a three-heart sign-off should be safe. As for a pass, your defensive values are meager, so you must try to deter the opponents from outbidding you. If your side fails to make two hearts, a score of minus 100 may still be a kind of victory. One no trump would get a minus score from me except that it could have some value in keeping the opponents quiet. A contract of one no trump, however, is likely to be inferior to two hearts.

7 pass-6 2 NT-1 double-minus 1

Partner is presumably short in spades and well aware that two spades will give the opponents the rubber, yet he has failed to act. The opponents may have the rest of the deck, so any move you make can be disastrous. If your nature will not let you sell out, a bid of two no trump, suggesting a minor suit contract, is far better than a double begging partner to bid "the other major."

8 3-7 pass-3 double-1

Although it is logical to double a contract you think the opponents cannot make, there is no chance that this hand will be played in two clubs. To double in this position is to call for a lead or to suggest a sacrifice if partner has help for clubs. But you don't want a club lead against a spade or heart contract,

nor do you need help from partner to play a club contract. A pass earns a higher reward because it gives the opponents no warning of your freak distribution to help them play the hand—and you can always bid later if the occasion demands. An immediate bid of three clubs, however, is descriptive of your hand. It warns partner not to expect defensive power, and it may also help to uncover a profitable save.

9 2-6 1 NT-2 pass-1

A bid of a new suit is not forcing when the score will complete a game. Therefore, you do not need 10 points or more to respond at the two level. Instead, such a bid promises strength in the suit rather than overall strength. One no trump gets more credit than a pass, if only because it may keep the opponents from bidding, but its reward is small because it may also leave you in an unmakeable contract. The award for a pass is for five-card majors who, knowing that partner has opened with no fewer than five hearts, prefer to warn him of defensive weakness so that he will not double the opponents later on.

10 1 NT-6 pass-2 1-1

One spade earns the lowest award here because it is *not* forcing and may land you in the wrong spot. One no trump gets the highest score because it should produce a better contract. A pass, despite your nine points, may leave partner in an awkward one-heart contract. However, a pass rates some credit because it also binds a trap that may snare unwary opponents.

11 double-6 3 NT-2 4-4-1

This is the kind of golden opportunity that arises when the opponents overreach themselves in trying to convert a part score. Unless partner has doubled on a distributional disrag, you should collect anywhere from 500 to 1,100 points. Three no trump also gets an award because if there is a game your way it should be at that contract, since partner must have spades. The minor suit bids get a point merely to value them in relation to an unthinkable pass.

12 1 NT-6 1-3 2 NT-1

Partner has passed so hopes of slam are dim, but you might as well seize the opportunity to set a trap for opponents who may rush in where angels fear to

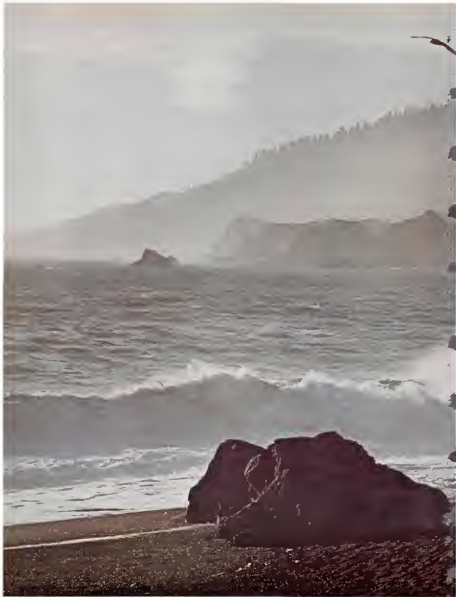
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GOREN'S QUIZ *continues*

tread. Opening with one heart assumes a needless risk in that partner may pass. Opening with two no trump is both unwise and unwarranted with a passed partner, but it is better than two hearts, so one point is awarded in recognition of that fact.

13 pass—6 1♦—3 1♥—1

When partner has passed, you should not open minimum third or fourth hands in part-score situations, especially when you lack the master suit, spades. If you must bid, your long suit is preferred; however, you should not expect to rebid anything but one no trump if partner responds one spade.

14 double—6 3♦—1

You must compete, and you will be much better off if you find partner's best suit at once, as you will when he responds to your double. Three diamonds risks losing the heart suit, or even a fit in clubs, but at least it is better than a pass, which merits no reward in these circumstances.

15 4♦—7 3 NT—4 4 NT—2 pass—1

The most important card in your excellent hand is the king of diamonds, and by letting partner know that you have it and that you are interested in slam you will be setting him on the right track. Three no trump is also a forward-going bid, with the added advantage that it will not penalize partner if his three-diamond rebid was a slight stretch to score the 60 you need. Four no trump is too much of a take-charge bid in the event that partner is stretching. And finally, a pass is preferable to a rebid of three hearts, which might land you in the soup on a hand that should land you in gravy.

16 4♥—6 3♦—3 5♥—2 4♦—1

In part-score situations, bids past the game level should tend to be conservative rather than aggressive. In this case, partner has shown some interest in slam and you should confirm that interest. Four hearts is a mild forward-going move indicating that your hearts are better than your spades. If your two aces will be enough to produce a slam, partner can use Blackwood to find out about them. For you to use Blackwood, however, would be as inappropriate in describing your values as a pass would be inaccurate.

END



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these tissues. Tests by doctors proved this true in many cases.

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Avery Brundage would certainly disapprove, but a group of counterculture folk, headed by poet Allen Ginsberg and French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, are putting together their own version of the Olympics for March next summer. They're calling it, predictably, the Anti-Olympics, and it will feature competitions like drawing lines in sand, housewifery and something called "uncensored happenings." Meanwhile, the organizers are planning to assign a film crew to the real Olympics to shoot a movie based on the "exhaustion, nervous breakdowns and attacks of hysteria" surrounding that event. (Sigh.)

♦ This is American golf pro Lee Elder in Nairobi, showing a Masai tribesman how a golf club works. When he was finished, the tribesman showed Elder how to throw one of the spears they use to hunt with. That bit of cultural exchange over, Elder continued an African exhibition tour that culminated with a

match against Gary Player in South Africa, where—in sport at least—apartheid is beginning to show its age.

The cows came home for **Bobby Hull** last week. Actually, the 291 polled Hereford cattle, of which the Chicago Black Hawks' left wing is a prime breeder, were sold in two days at the H. and H. Ranch, located in Saskatchewan, Canada, for a whopping \$303,310.

Police Captain **Nelson Madureira** of Rio de Janeiro supervises the hiring of street cleaners. Before an applicant is accepted for the job, he must pass a physical fitness and attitude test that includes climbing a 20-foot rope, running a mile in 12 minutes and jogging 100 yards with another man on his back. All this is to prove that the man is keen for the job. At present there are about 1,000 vacancies for street cleaners.

We all know the routine when President Nixon gets evicted over an athlete. He makes a phone call. After Italian President **Giuseppe Saragat** watched **Sandro Mazzola** star in a soccer game for Internazionale di Milan recently, he decided to pin a medal on him, making him a Commander of the Order of Merit of the Italian Republic. That made Milan, the rival team from across town, very angry. Politics being politics, President Saragat decided to pin the same medal on their captain, **Gilberto Rivera**. That got Mazzola pretty riled, and now he wants to be made a Grand Official of the Republic. We don't know where it will all end, but maybe next time Saragat will just pick up the phone.

The Greek government's preoccupation with good grooming is worthy fodder for psychologists. Remember when they banned the miniskirt? Well, just before



the Greek soccer team lost a televised game to England early this month, the president of the Greek Soccer Foundation, **George Dileas**, sent barber **Dimitrios Voutsalis** to the team's hotel to trim locks and shorten sideburns. The barbering provided an unexpected dividend, according to one Greek TV watcher. It helped distinguish the Greek players from the long-haired English on black-and-white sets.

♦ You've heard of throwing the baby out with the bath water. Well, meet Jockey **Bob Breen**, who was left holding the handle when he gave apprentice **Richard Warnken** his traditional drenching for his first win at Tropical Park in Miami last week. Warnken ended up with the bucket as well as the water.

Little **Martha Muskie**, 13-year-old daughter of campaigning Senator **Edmund Muskie** and an avid pro football fan, went along with her father recently to a fund-raising clambake in Key Biscayne, Fla. and found herself checked into the same hotel as the Baltimore Colts. There went the clambake. Martha canceled out, happily stationed herself near the hotel lobby elevators

for a good part of the day and was suitably rewarded with 28 Colt autographs.

The Patriots honored their former field-goal kicker, **Gino Cappelletti**, by retiring his jersey (No. 20) between halves of a recent game in Foxboro, Mass. Niece ceremony. To top it off they gave Cappelletti a new station wagon. When Cappelletti went to drive home after the game, he found some souvenir freak had retired his 1960-20 license plates as well.

Those wedding bells aren't breaking up that old gang of As. When **Richard Barton**, an Ottumwa (Iowa) schoolteacher, learned that the YMCA Flag Football League in which he plays had chosen his wedding day for the championship game, he called a fairly audible as the line. He and his bride, **Pamela Anderson**, took their vows during halftime, right on the field. The best man was **Gordon Sinter**, a back; another teammate, a former Drake tackle named **Gene Schultz**, now a justice of the peace, performed the ceremony. If the bride was non-plussed, too bad. "I'm a football nut," said Barton. "She'll have to learn to live with that."

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by Lee Trevino

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In their travels from one dusty Western town to the next, rodeo cowboys provide high entertainment for uncertain return. They routinely endure trials of the kind that Larry Mahan, the sport's premier performer, suffered last September in Ellensburg, Wash. Riding a bareback bronc, Mahan was bucked rudely into the air, his hand catching in the horse's rawhide rigging as he came down. Outsiders sometimes protest that rodeo is cruel to animals, which must have struck Mahan as ironic once the horse stopped dragging him like a rag doll along the hard ground.

The accident left Mahan with a broken leg, ending at least momentarily his remarkable domination of competitive rodeo. Not only had he won the all-around cowboy championship an unprecedented five straight years, but he had pretty well wrapped up the title on each occasion even before arriving in Oklahoma City for cowpunching's traditional windup, the National Finals Rodeo. With Mahan hobbling on a cane as this season ended, the outcome was necessarily different. Flocking to the Oklahoma Fairgrounds Arena for 10 performances in nine days, rodeogazers chomped on their caramel apples, politely applauded oratory to the effect that cowboys never burn their draft cards—"the last of the rugged individualists," one speaker called them—and scarcely gave Mahan a second thought as a couple of young hands named Phil Lyne and Bob Berger staged a guns-blazing showdown for all-around cowboy of 1971.

The idea being that this was more sport than Wild West show, the rodeo had no trick roping and the like, hardly a casual omission in a city that has named all sorts of things, from its airport to a barbershop, after Will Rogers. Cowgirls, done up in sequins and crushed velvet, competed on horseback for the women's barrel racing championship while the band played *De Campdown Racer*, but the boys generally shunned fancy duds in favor of workaday denim. This helped make for a businesslike atmosphere, as befits a sport that determines its champions on the cold-eyed basis of who wins the most cash.

The one who led coming into Oklahoma City, with \$44,905 in winnings,

And they laid it on the Lyne at the O. C. corral

Two former college rodeo hands battled to the last of a long year and then a calf-ropin' Texan won the title of best all-around cowboy



BOB BERGER (LEFT) TOOK A BEATING FROM THE BULLS, THE BRONCS AND PHIL LYNE

was the 24-year-old Lyne, a pale, sturdy Texan whose command in the ring belied the fact that he was only in his third year on the professional trail. A fellow who learned to rope and ride on his family's 2,000-acre cattle ranch south of San Antonio, Lyne regards his nomadic life in rodeo as temporary. "All this travel poops a boy out," he says, his voice edged with appropriate weariness. "But the good thing is, you're your own boss. Being a cowboy beats being a welder or a cook; for me, it does, anyway. I figure I'll maybe stick with this a couple, three years and then go back to ranching."

Like others trying to make it on the

cowboy circuit, Lyne competes in 100 or more rodeos a year, receiving no guarantees or salary and paying all expenses, including entry fees, out of his pocket. The National Finals, open to the 15 biggest winners in each of rodeo's six standard events, gives the leaders one last opportunity to flesh out their earnings for the year. Lyne qualified in calf roping and bull riding, and he needed to pick up additional prize money to avoid being cut down by Berger, whose \$42,728 in winnings put him uncomfortably close. Berger had the benefit of being on familiar soil for the finals. He lives 18 miles down the road in Norman, where his wife Darann is studying journalism at the Univer-

Continued

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RODEO continued

sity of Oklahoma while trying to crack the pulp-Western market by writing stories with titles like *Indian Ent'ly and John Smith, Town Tamer*.

More seasoned than Lyne, having placed third in the all-around cowboy race in 1970, the 26-year-old Berger did well enough this year to become the only cowboy other than Mahan ever to qualify for the finals in three events. That gave him one more crack at the week's loot than Lyne, but the fact that it was the three riding events in which he qualified—bull, bareback and saddle bronc—assured him of a rough week. Mahan had competed in the same combination of events but he is of sterner stuff than Berger—a slight 135-pound fellow with cowboy features who does a creditable imitation atop a high bucking bull of a twig in a tornado.

Berger's punishment began on opening night when he came out of the gate astride a bareback bronc whose antisocial tendencies were immediately apparent. The horse swerved in one direction and Berger, hat flying and chaps flopping, went hurtling in another, wrenching his left elbow in the spill. The next day he suffered a bruised foot when a saddle bronc toppled onto him, and on Friday, as the rodeo neared its climax, he very ably rode a bull—its name was Sue—only to fracture his left hand while tumbling off at the end after the buzzer. "Do you want to ride tomorrow, Bobby?" the doctor asked while examining the X rays that night. Berger, holding an ice pack to his swollen hand in the emergency room of the Baptist Memorial Hospital, looked up with wide eyes and nodded.

With his hand in a cast, Berger continued to spur on ornery animals on Saturday afternoon, the cheers of his fellow Oklahomans urging him to stick with it. But the little man's medical problems became ridiculous when he was thrown again in that session, spraining his right wrist and suffering a possible fractured toe. After that he was so lame and halt—he could hardly get his boot on—that he passed up three rides. Still the battered cowboy returned, competing in three events in the final performances despite bruises and bandages on literally every limb.

"I'm just trying to keep myself together," Berger said, his agonies written on his boyish face. Remarkably, though, he still had a mathematical

chance of overtaking Lyne going into that final day.

For all his ailments throughout the rodeo, Berger had lasted the prescribed length of time—eight seconds on bull and bareback riding and nine in saddle broncs—often enough to keep the pressure on Lyne. He won \$477 with a first in bull riding one night, pocketed \$298 for a second-place tie in saddle bronc another, added \$119 here and \$59 there. But Lyne, relaxing between rounds with a chew in his cheek, was coolly going about the business of adding to his own dollar total, his strongest bull rides or fastest calf-roping clockings always seeming to occur whenever Berger began edging close. "The only way Bobby is frail is his looks and that's deceiving," Lyne said of his rival. "He could get hot and win this whole thing." In contrast to Berger, the Texan's most serious complaint was a mild cold.

The one certainty was that rodeo would be getting a champion, whether it turned out to be Lyne or Berger, from the ranks of cowboys' new breed. Both men attended college on rodeo scholarships, Berger graduating from Cal Poly and Lyne lacking just six credits for a degree from Sam Houston State. Berger pilots his own single-engine Comanche painted in bumblebee yellow and black, while Lyne is now taking flying lessons. Each is following the lead of Mahan, who has been traveling to rodeos for years in his own plane. As the sport's glamour boy, Mahan supplements his prize winnings by endorsing products as disparate as saddles and swimwear; it provides substantial income and Berger and Lyne have lately been coming in for similar fringe benefits.

A few grizzled, rough-and-tumble boys are still around but the world of tax consultants and business deals is closing in. With the sport's annual attendance at 25 million, the Denver-based Rodeo Cowboys Association, representing 3,000 professionals, has just negotiated a promotional tie-in with Winston cigarettes, and there has been talk of trying to corral some of that good network TV money. Concerned with rodeo's image, association officials spent part of their time at the finals grumbling about the salty language and nudity in *J. W. Cowp*, a new Cliff Robertson movie featuring real-life cowboy Dennis Reiners. The world premiere, held in Oklahoma City during the ro-

continued

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RODEO continued

deo, was marred when Reimers, who also recently appeared on television's *Dating Game* ("Do you like to horse around?" he inquired of one bachelorette), was banged up in an auto accident on his way to the theater. The injury caused him to miss two days of competition at the rodeo, a case of poor timing roughly equivalent to contracting laryngitis at La Scala.

Certainly traffic accidents were superfluous; there was enough mayhem in the ring, where bucking stock bearing suitably menacing names like Widow Maker and Crazy One were exacting a nightly toll of casualties. The roughest, rankest bull at the finals was generally conceded to be a 7-year-old Charolais named 60, an animal that had taken on some 200 cowboys in its rodeo career and thrown them all. In the daily matchups of man and beast, three contestants wound up drawing 60, and Bobby Berger was naturally one of them. It was not to be his lucky week.

The other two cowboys were bucked off; Berger's turn came Thursday, the day before he broke his hand. When he recovered from the shock of drawing the dreaded animal, Berger said gamely, "Well, if I ride that bull, the judges ought to give me a good score." He then went out and became the first man to do so, stubbornly withstanding 60's violent lurches before finally exiting dirt at the very instant the eight-second buzzer sounded. It was a grand moment, yet not so grand. Contending that the bull had not bucked with its usual vigor, the judges gave Berger a so-so score that put him out of the money for the night.

But Berger received better marks on other bulls, grittily staying aboard nine of his 10 mounts, being bucked painfully off only on his final animal Sunday. Besides winning \$2,981 in daily prize money in his three specialties, he was the most consistent bull rider throughout the rodeo, which brought an additional payoff of \$1,037. The total would have been enough to take the championship had Phil Lyne simply remained in the barns squirting tobacco juice on the ground. A versatile athlete who won money at one time or another this year in every event—something few cowboys have ever done—Lyne picked up \$4,340 in his two specialties, finally clinching the all-around cowboy title with a second place Sunday in calf roping. He also wound up as the biggest winner in

that category on the 1971 rodeo circuit.

Unlike most of his rivals, Lyne generally competes in calf roping on borrowed horses, and it was on one of them that he provided probably the most dramatic moment of the week. Anybody who can chase down a calf on horseback and then rope and bend it in less than 12 or 13 seconds is generally considered to have excelled. As Lyne waited his turn during one performance, two of his competitors achieved successive times of nine seconds and 8.9 seconds, the latter the fastest clocking in the 13-year history of the National Finals rodeo. With third place seemingly the best he could hope for, Lyne calmly settled into his saddle and, rope coiled and ready in his hand, nodded to attendants for the chute to be opened.

The calf rushed onto the arena floor with Lyne in close pursuit. The cowboy carved the air overhead with his spiraling rope, then lowered the loop cleanly over the calf's head, bringing the animal to an abrupt, neck-jerking halt. He leapt down and gift wrapped it in a single motion. It had taken all of 8.5 seconds. Amazingly, the mark was equaled by another contestant, Oklahoman Barry Burk, two days later. As Lyne returned to his horse, richer by \$477 in first-place money for the night, the excited announcer asked him to take a triumphant ride around the ring. He doffed his \$100 beaver hat and rode instead for the exit. Asked later if he had declined to circle the ring out of shyness, he reflected a moment. "Sometimes I'm shy, and sometimes I'm not," he said.

Once all hands finished tucking the last cent of prize money into their Wranglers or Levi's or Lee Riders, depending on which brand a fellow had endorsed, Lyne's total for the year stood at \$49,245, Berger's at \$46,746. The very thought of such riches stirred pangs of anxiety in the man Lyne had succeeded as best all-around cowboy. Pausing on his way to a luncheon at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, Oklahoma City's biggest tourist attraction, Larry Mahan leaned on his cane and confided, "Just sitting around here like this can make you a little depressed." Aiming for next year's championship, Mahan expects to test his injured leg in a rodeo Jan. 1 in Odessa, Texas. Well, Phil Lyne is fixing to be there and Bobby Berger will probably drag his broken body to Odessa, too. It should be a good test.

END

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The Spider who finally came in from the cold

He used to race for play as an official U.S. team amateur, but now ex-Olympian Sabich races for fun and profit as a bright new star on the professional circuit. And what is more, he's winning all the money

The two skiers come out of their twin aluminum starting gates like famished greyhounds and race into view high up on the slope, moving side by side through the two long rows of slalom poles. Halfway down, as they become momentarily airborne off the second of three small jumps that have been built

into each course, it is suddenly evident that the racer on the left, whose row of flags is green, has swiveled his way into a slim lead over the skier on the right, whose flags are gold. He lands an instant before his rival. Over the last jump and through the final few poles he continues to increase his margin and finally

passes under the bright yellow finish-line banner with a snap of his head to confirm his six-yard victory. Thus did Vladimir (Spider) Sabich win the slalom and giant slalom in the Samsonite Classic at Vail, Colo. And thus did American professional ski racing kick off its third, and perhaps most critical, winter of pole-to-pole, side-by-side match race competition.

The man-against-man pro circuit is the special baby of Bob Beattie, once the coach of the U.S. National Ski Team and now one of the sport's most energetic promoters. Beattie's version of the pro tour got off to a fragile start two seasons ago when all he could pull together were three race weekends for \$5,500 in prize money and an outfit called The International Ski Racers Association—composed almost entirely of Billy Kidd, the first American male ever to win a gold medal in the FIS World Championship, and some retreat Austrians. Now the numbers have a healthier glow. Last year there were nine race meetings offering total prize money of \$127,000. Kidd, after an autumn of exhausting activity on the ski promotional circuit, didn't win a race. But while the tour lost Kidd, in spirit at least, it gained Sabich, the charismatic young Californian whose slashing, joyous racing style is a reflection of his social life. Sabich brought a touch of glamour to the tour, dominated it as well and emerged from last winter as leading money winner with a total of \$21,189. Not exactly Nicklaus, but not bad for openers.

"It was such a relief to stop racing as an amateur," says Sabich. "I was fed up with the hypocrisy. Fed up with racing against guys who were making \$50,000 a year, guys who had other people to wax their skis, sharpen their edges and who could go home when they got tired. I was too nervous trying to compete with what I thought were insufficient weapons. Now I have no worries."

continued



SABICH'S TAKE: ONE RACE, \$7,500. TWO RACES, \$9,000. THE WEEKEND, \$4,500

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Alan Johnson, race car driver, talks about Porsche.

"I drove my Porsche to the track, raced it, then drove it home."

"Around 1958 I really wanted to get started in racing but I didn't have very much money. So my wife and I saved our money—we had a Volkswagen at the time—and we bought a 1958 Porsche 1600 Speedster.

We could only afford one car then, so we had to get up early the mornings of the races so we could get there with enough time to take off the bumpers, the windshield, the top—before we started the race. Then, after the race we put back everything and drove our car home.

That's one of the best things about a Porsche. Its reliability. I needed a car that wouldn't break down in a race. I had to drive it to work the next day. And that's exactly what we did with our Porsche.

Unfortunately, the days are gone when you could ride on the streets with a car ready for the track. Government legislation has changed all that. Today your car has to be equipped with all kinds of adaptations. For safety reasons mostly. The adaptations make it illegal to drive on the street a car that is acceptable for the track.

But if it were possible today, as it was ten or twelve years ago, I don't think any other car in the world would be better for both track and street than a Porsche."

PORSCHE

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"One of the reasons I think Spider is now skiing better than ever is that a free spirit like him could never thrive under the regimentation you have on a national team," says Kidd, an old friend from years together on the U.S. team and at the University of Colorado. "Now he does what he wants. He's loose, he's happy, he has freedom. And it shows in his skiing."

This year Sabich is back, obviously looser, happier and freer than ever. Kidd also is back, his own enthusiasm burning brightly once again, and Beattie has hopes of adding some more stars to his roster once the Winter Olympics in Sapporo have ended. ISRA membership is up to 100, and this year's tour schedule calls for at least 12 race meetings and prize money of almost \$300,000.

Beattie has developed a new racing format keyed to slaloms and what he calls a dual challenge round of 16. This is head-to-head knockout competition conducted like a tennis tournament, and the field for this phase of each event is filled by the fastest 16 skiers from qualifying time trials held earlier. Each match is decided over two heats on parallel and almost identical courses, 12 to 15 feet apart, the contestants switching courses for the second heat. The racer who wins both heats, or compiles the largest overall winning margin by time, advances to the next round. The courses are usually set on intermediate slopes, seldom more than 600 or 700 yards long, and the racers are visible to the spectators at the bottom for almost the entire run. The whole event, from the first round of 16 to the final match, can be run off within 90 minutes. It all makes for quick, compact spectating.

"People can relate to two guys whipping down a mountainside trying to beat each other," says Beattie. "After a couple of rounds they also begin to identify with special favorites."

"This is certainly the most exciting form of ski racing there is," says Sabich. "For us as well as the spectators. You can see exactly what you have to do—which usually means go all out. If you finish second you're through. So for the guy behind, things can get really wild. You start cutting corners and taking chances because there's always a way to go faster. Against a clock you wouldn't take that gamble."

Races of this sort also present multiple problems to the skiers. They must

learn how to get out of the starting gate extra fast, avoid collisions en route and cope with the jumps that Beattie inserts in each course. And an additional hazard was described at Vail by Jake Hoeschler, a former University of Colorado running back and downhill skiing star who lost to Kidd in the first round of the giant slalom.

"It's hard to concentrate on your own course with another skier right next to you," said Hoeschler, whose shaggy blond hair and bushy blond mustache make him look like a lion in goggles. "You listen for the other guy, as I did for Kidd. I lost my concentration, and suddenly I was flat on my face."

Despite the built-in gambles and thrills, the pro ski tour still faces parlous times; no one has yet figured out how to draw meaningful income from paying spectators. Television coverage, with its fat fees, has been slow in coming. Beattie must therefore rely almost entirely on commercial sponsorships, and hustling them up is about as tough as trying to footpack Mount Everest. "It's been a frantic scramble," he says. "Have you ever tried working with mariners? That's us."

The skiing industry is currently in something of an overcrowded, unprofitable state, and, except for backing a few individual skiers on the tour or even a few teams, it can't be counted on to provide much important help. "The industry in the U.S. is still pretty soft," says Beattie. "It isn't stable enough yet to be a major financier. We have to go outside the business."

Outside the business means Benson & Hedges 100's, the tobacco firm which is putting up close to \$100,000 this year in prize money; Samsonite luggage and Colorado Magazine, who supplied the \$20,000 purse offered at Vail; and Du Pont, which will support future races.

In selling the tour, the sales pitch is not pegged strictly to exciting races and the crack skiers but also to its colorful personalities. There is Sabich, who flies, races motorcycles and figures that a night in which he hasn't danced on at least one tabletop is a night wasted. Jim Liljestrom, Beattie's P.R. man, also enjoys checking off some of the other characters. Norway's Terje Overland is known as the Aquavit Kid for the bosteros postvictory celebrations he has thrown. He's also been known to pitch over a fully laden restaurant table when

continued

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PRO SKIING continues

the spirits have so moved him. Then there is the poet, Duncan Cullman, of Twin Mountain, N.H., author of *The Selected Heavies of Duncan Duck*, published at his own expense, who used to travel the tour with a gargantuan, bearded manservant. And Sepp Staffler, a popular Austrian, who plays guitar and sing and performs nightly at different lounges in Great Gorge, N.J. when he isn't competing. The ski tour also has its very own George Blanda. That would be blond, wispy Anderl Molterer, the 40-year-old Austrian, long a world class racer and still competitive.

Pro skiing's immediate success, however, seems to depend on an authentic rivalry building up between Sabich and Kidd, who are close friends but whose living styles are as diverse as snow and sand. Sabich is freewheeling on his skis as well as on tabletops. Kidd is thoughtful, earnest, a perfectionist. Spider has his flying, his motorcycles and drives a Porsche 911-E. Billy paints and now drives a Volvo station wagon. Spider enjoys the man-to-man challenge of the pro circuit. Billy harbors some inner doubts regarding his ability to adapt to it.

"I'm not one of those competitive people who must win at everything at all cost—Ping-Pong, golf or whatever," Kidd says. "It's only true in skiing. Even then I've always felt that the most important struggle is primarily to get the most out of myself, not just beat the other guy. This man-to-man racing doesn't come naturally."

In Vail, Kidd—suffering slightly from flu and not yet competitively sharp—could progress no further than the quarterfinals in either event. Again the weekend belonged to Sabich. Spider won the giant slalom, surviving a scare in the semifinals when Overland, with a substantial lead, sailed too far off the final jump, missed a gate and was disqualified. In the slalom, Sabich survived another scare by Overland in the first round, but his protest against being called for missing a gate was upheld and he was able to sweep on through without the loss of another heat. This pair of victories plus point total was worth \$6,500.

"Yes, Spider's the best right now," agreed Kidd after the race, sipping a glass of rosé, "but my ski technique is as good as it's ever been, too. By January I feel I'll be competitive. That's when you'll see what this tour can really produce."

END

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SPORT IS A DOUBLE EXPOSURE

There is a dual relationship between the competitor and the spectator that brings our games and tests of skill into roaring, pulsing life. Neither party is a passive one, and through their joint endeavor there arises the frenzy of enthusiasm that we associate with our grandest sporting moments. Indeed, sport produces for us an aura of mutual involvement, a linking of the disparate in common cause that occurs with hurtful rarity in our fractionalized society. Here and on succeeding pages Photographer Mark Kauffman has captured his own evocation of this idea. The camera is the tool as he melds events and viewer in a pictorial presentation of some of 1971's finest spectacles: the Indianapolis 500, the NBA playoffs, the U.S. Open, Texas vs. Oklahoma and a pennant chase.



















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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

WEST The referees were not whistling Duke at the Cable Car Classic in San Francisco, but South Carolina still won. During the final 2:51 of their first-round game against Santa Clara, the Gamecocks hit on 16 of 19 foul shots. Coach Frank McGuire called Santa Clara "the most physical team I've seen in 500 games." Things were less physical in the championship game, won by the Gamecocks 67-59 from California, which missed two-thirds of its shots.

UCLA overwhelmed two more weak opponents, Iowa State 110-81 and Texas A&M 117-53. "They are tremendous," said A&M coach Shelby Meneilly. "I haven't seen anything like it, ever." With Ron Riley amassing 40 points and 34 rebounds, USC beat Loyola 85-65 and Utah 79-67.

"Playing the Aggies is like trying to win a train wreck," said a New Mexico assistant after 33 turnovers and a 94-79 loss to New Mexico State. Then the Aggies faced BYU at the new Marriott Center, which they may have mistaken for the world's largest bedroom instead of a gym. After speeding to a nine-point lead, the Aggies went into a state of semi-somnolence, allowed the Cougars all sorts of fast breaks and lost 90-80 as BYU's Knechtel Cosmic scored 33 points. Cosmic added 23 more points in a 96-68 fast-break romp past Creighton.

1. UCL (4-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (3-1)

EAST North Carolina's Tar Heels came to Princeton in their blue blazers, then had the blue blazers beaten out of them 89-73. "It was the worst defense we have ever played," said Carolina Coach Dean Smith. That was largely because Ted Manakos and Brian Taylor found gaps in all the zone variations tried by the Tar Heels. George Karl and Steve Previs, Carolina's hustle-bustle guards, were outmaneuvered and outscored (37-13) by the Tiger guards. Taylor, suffering from a cold, left the court for the infirmary, but returned in time to make Villanova sick. He hit on 14 of 16 shots and scored 33 points as the Tigers won 82-68.

Former Penn Coach Dick Harter went back to the Palestra where his burning Oregon team bumped and bumped and bumped but failed to do Villanova in The Willdcats survived 78-73.

St. Joseph's upset Providence 72-65 as Pat McFarland put in 23 points while Mike Barnes dicke fellow 6' 9" center Marvin Barnes. Earlier, Barnes had set a Final record with 34 rebounds in a 76-58 victory against Buffalo State. La Salle lost to Niagara 71-70 and to Tulsa 80-77. That left the Explorers 0-4—their worst start ever.

Penn's Quakers felt their oats, disposing of Manhattan 87-66 as Bobby Merse had

33 points. Dartmouth surprised Harvard 86-68 and Brown put down Yale 72-68. With five transfers now eligible, Rhode Island beat three teams: Boston University 88-73, New Hampshire 80-73 and Brown 102-84.

Six blacks left the Cornell team, apparently believing that Coach Jerry Lace was using a quota system that allowed no more than three Negroes to play at any one time. The Big Red then lost to Syracuse 95-82 and Fairfield 86-74. Lace himself failed to appear for the latter.

With Greg Cless getting 32 points and 24 rebounds, St. John's had no trouble stopping Georgetown 107-67. The Redmen also defeated Seton Hall 103-84.

West Virginia won its Mountaineer Classic, first doubling up Columbia 100-53, then beating Northwestern in the finale 98-94.

"This was a victory for God," said Oral Roberts after his university downed Hofstra 83-74. Richard Fuqua had 29 points and led a second-half rally by the well-heeled Titans.

1. PENN (4-0) 2. ST. BONAVENTURE (1-0)

SOUTH With 48 seconds left and Memphis State ahead by three points, Marquette was shopping for a miracle. It got not one but two. First Bob Fowforth of the Tigers nullified a seamate's free-throw try by stepping into the lane too soon and Marcus Washington of the Warriors popped in a shot to cut the deficit to one point. Then, with 21 seconds left, the same unhappy Fowforth missed a foul shot and Mark Ostrand of Marquette brought the ball downcourt and passed to George Frazier. With three seconds to go, Frazier took a frantic, 30-foot jumper and scored. Marquette won 74-73. Warner Coach Al McGuire pranced, punched the air and shouted, "Take that. Take that." Later he said, "We didn't win. They did. They had the two toughest breaks I've ever seen."

Memphis State regrouped, got past Mississippi 74-71 and into the Vanderbilt Invitational finals, where it met its host and team star Terry Compton, whose last-second shot had finished off Bradley 82-80. Compton, a sophomore, was up to more of his tricks against Memphis State. With less than 30 seconds to go and his team trailing 80-79, he hit on a jumper. The Tigers regained the lead with seven seconds left only to have Compton sink another basket at the buzzer.

Indiana came up with a miracle worker of its own in a 90-89 double-overtime win against Kentucky. Steve Downing, 6' 8" and 230 pounds, had 25 rebounds and 47 points—five at the outset of the final period—as he ignored an injured leg and wore down the Wildcats.

Tom McMillen, supposed to do wondrous

things for Maryland, succeeded against Virginia only in making people wonder. He hit on just one of four eight-point tries in a 78-57 loss and the Cavaliers repeatedly drove on McMillen and his slow Terrapin mates. Said Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell. "I'm ashamed of myself and my team."

Davidson, loser of just two Southern Conference games in four years, dropped two in four days. East Carolina halted the Wildcats 67-57 and then Furman beat them 93-86. The latter was Davidson's first loss in its own gym since February, 1962, or 59 home games ago.

Back in Chapel Hill, North Carolina beat Virginia Tech 93-60. Penn narrowly won over Duke, 50-49 in overtime.

Florida State got 28 points from Ron King in its 90-83 Civitan Tournament title win over Jacksonville, which was making do without 7-foot Dave Brent, who broke his leg. The Seminoles (5-0) later breezed past Valdosta State 134-65. The Jacksonville Dolphins resurfaced against Georgia Southern 106-88 as Ernie Fleming took up some of the slack with 42 points.

Wit Robinson, with 31 points, led West Virginia past North Carolina State 87-75. The Wolfpack came back against Purdue 84-71 as Tom Burleson had 21 rebounds and 24 points. Purdue then lost to Clemson 72-66 when Danny Odle scored all 10 Tiger points in overtime.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (3-1) 2. MARYLAND (2-2)

MIDWEST Three Iowa State scouts were sent to Drake—to observe the Bulldogs, one to check out the organist. Cyclone Coach Maury John, who coached the Bulldogs last season, claims that half of Drake's 10-point home court edge can be attributed to the organist's "cheerleading" music. State practiced to Drake songs and on Tuesday as well-attuned players won 83-80 at Drake.

Jim Chones of Marquette was most of the show against Michigan: 24 points, 19 rebounds, seven blocked shots, adding up to an 81-52 win for the Warriors, their 59th straight at home. Earlier, the Wolverines barely held off Eastern Michigan 89-88.

Ohio State cracked Utah State's zone 71-60 even though Allan Horvath was out with a bruised heel. But then the Buckeyes were coaxed by Ohio University 79-68.

Indiana, playing defense now under new Coach Bobby Knight, remained undefeated as Kansas went 7.45 without a field goal and lost 59-56. Last season Hoosier foes scored 80 or more points 16 times.

By sinking 12 straight foul shots in the last two minutes, Kentucky stopped Kansas State 71-64.

1. MARQUETTE (4-0) 2. OHIO STATE (3-1)

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PAPER COWBOYS

Sirs:

Turns up to Mark Mulvey (*Ox Paper, Dallas Is the Best*, Dec. 6) for realizing that this is the year of the Cowboys. They have yet to lose in Texas Stadium and they have not lost since Coach Tom Landry named Roger Staubach as the No. 1 quarterback. The change in the quarterback position could also change the luck of the El Foldos. If the Cowboys are just a "paper" team, how come their opponents are the ones who are being spindled and mutilated? Look for Dallas to come up on top in Super Bowl VI.

DOUG ALLEN

Franklin, N.H.

Sirs:

What—another article on the Cowboys? They have a good team on paper, but will discover, as they have in the past, a new way of choking. The Miami Dolphins will prove that they are the best team in football when they win the Super Bowl.

JOHN SIRA

College Point, N.Y.

VIEWS OF THE GAME

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' article on the Oklahoma-Nebraska game (*Oklahoma Rides High*, Dec. 6) left much to be desired. In my opinion, he was grossly unfair to a fine Oklahoma team. Anyone who viewed the game knows it was played on a near-equal basis. But if anyone who did not see the game reads Mr. Jenkins' article, he will be led to believe that Nebraska turned the close, exciting game into a rout. That, of course, is far from what actually happened.

You billed the game as a battle between Oklahoma's Wishbone-T offense and Nebraska's "immovable" defense. Check the statistics; they speak for themselves. The 467 yards Oklahoma's Wishbone amassed against Nebraska proved that the Nebraska defense is no longer so immovable. The Cornhuskers won the game, but the Sooners won the Wishbone War.

JEFF DICKINSON

Kirkville, Mo.

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins stated, "It is impossible to stir the pages of history and find one in which both teams performed so reputably for so long throughout the day."

It was a superb football game between two beautifully coached, explosive teams, but it does not stand alone. The 1946 Army-Notre Dame game was surely its equal. In terms of buildup, a word count of the sports pages of the major American newspapers would probably indicate that the 1946 clash

was at least as anticipated as the 1971 battle. In terms of play, the Army-Notre Dame game was also perfectly executed. Two truly outstanding teams played up to and even beyond their capabilities. Each game reflected the best college football had to offer at that point in time, with the emphasis on defense in 1946 and on offense in 1971.

Two factors make the 1946 game even more memorable than the one played last Thanksgiving. First, Army met Notre Dame on a neutral field (Yankee Stadium). Second, the outcome in 1946, a 0-0 tie, was a more accurate reflection of the quality of the two opponents. By midway in the second half of the Nebraska-Oklahoma game it was obvious that whoever had the ball last would win, since neither team could keep the other from scoring, which is to say the two teams were equal. In the Army-Notre Dame game one had the feeling that neither team would ever score, so perfect were the defenses. The final score reflected the basic equality.

STEVEN E. AMBROSIO

New Orleans

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins indicated that Joe Wylie was the last man to have a shot at tackling Johnny Rodgers on the first-quarter punt return. But the photograph on page 24 showed that the last Oklahoma defender with a chance was Jon Harrison, No. 12.

Films of the game have clearly and conclusively shown that Wylie was taken out of the play with a clip only 30 or 35 yards from where Rodgers gathered in the punt. John Atkins cut Wylie down from behind just as the Sooner speedster was ready to spill Rodgers. The intention here is not to downgrade a brilliant Cornhusker performance, only to correct a misconception.

BILL SHANKS JR.

Tulsa

DIANA'S DEPTH

Sirs:

This past summer I had the privilege of working with Diana Nyad (*She Takes a Long Swim Off a Short Pier*, Dec. 6) at Camp Ak-O-Mak. There I learned that marathon swimming is a grueling contest between woman (or man) and nature as well as a contest between competitors. It is possibly the most demanding sport in the world. The fastest or most well-conditioned swimmer does not always win. Rather, the one who has the most skill at reading tides and currents, the most luck and the most persistence (or stubbornness) wins.

Diana certainly combines the qualities of physical and mental toughness. Her accomplishments are objects of awe and inspiration

to me and to the other swimmers who know her. Her friendliness, good nature and sense of humor have brightened many a glum workout. Intelligent yet sensitive, she can relate to all ages and all backgrounds. Thus, she is equally praised by the world's finest marathoners and the campers at Ak-O-Mak.

Diana Nyad is a winner because she dares to be, she has the courage to explore the limits of her capabilities. Dan Levin's story presents a pro athlete in one of the hardest of sports, who is more than a swimmer, who is a person of great depth. Thank you for letting more people know about her.

DEBBIE GLASMAN

Milwaukee

THERE HE IS . . .

Sirs:

Thank you for your fine editorial on TV's tasteless way of announcing the Heisman Trophy winner, Pat Sullivan (*SCORECARD*, Nov. 29). Is anything happening today without TV making an Academy Award production out of it? The way in which it was done cut down on the drama of this fine award. I feel sorry for the fine recipient, Pat Sullivan, because of TV's mockery of his finest collegiate hour.

ANDY WESBENHORST

Kinnelon, N.J.

Sirs:

Cornell's record-breaking running back, Ed Marinaro, may or may not have proved he was the best college football player during the 1971 season, but his remarks about the Heisman Trophy award ceremony on national television indicate he does not have the most important quality a great athlete should possess, sportsmanship. After all, isn't that what it's all about?

RALPH SMITH

Lexington, Va.

TROUBLED WATERS

Sirs:

According to the article *Bovied Under a Sea of Troubles* (Nov. 15) by Ron Finnite, the NCAA seems to have based a good deal of its case on the assurances that Jim McAlister's ACT contained, the inference being that someone (yet unnamed) corrected his answers in order for him to achieve a passing score. Yet Eugene Jones' and Kermit Johnson's tests had 65 and 35 errors, respectively, and they both failed the test. Why in the world would anyone make all those changes in the tests of Jones and Johnson and McAlister and not make sure that the other two also passed? To risk loss of eligibility for the athletes and NCAA censure for the school, the gain would need to be very worthwhile, would it not? What was

continued

UCLA's possible gain? Freshman eligibility, that's what. Hardly worth the risks involved. Johnson failed the test and he played varsity football as a sophomore. McAlister passed the test and he lost a year of varsity eligibility. Strange, indeed!

CHARLES B. KENDALL

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Mr. Farrar did a fine job in reporting the problems of the Pacific Eight Conference but, as a student at Santa Monica College, I cannot sit still when it is implied that Dr. Arthur Verge was guilty of tampering with McAlister's exam. Anyone connected with Santa Monica College who has known Dr. Verge will tell you that he is incapable of such an act.

Another point Dr. Olaf Davidson said the chances of the exam being changed in Iowa City were "one chance in a billion," since they are machine-graded. How does the exam get from the incoming mail onto the grading machine?

CHRIS LONG
Sports Editor

Santa Monica College Campus
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

On the basis of my current 3.5 GPA at San Diego State, I feel I am qualified as a "superior student," and when I took the ACT I conceivably made 63 erasures. This was not due to changing my mind, but due simply to the fact that I had intended to leave an answer space blank and return to that question. But by mistake I had put my answer to the succeeding question in that blank, making an entire row of answers incorrect and needing to be erased. This type of error, most often caused by concentration on the questions, can be a natural source of a gross number of erasures.

I must agree with Dr. Verge when he says the NCAA is trying to get itself off the hook.

CHARLES DOWNING

Spring Valley, Calif.

SHADES OF MARIS

Sirs:

In Whitney Tower's excellent piece on Jockey Laffit Pincay *(He Has Them over a Barrel)*, Dec. 6, he mentioned that among Laffit's 1971 accomplishments were his 106 victories at Hollywood Park, which beat Johnny Longden's 105 set in 1948. He probably did not have the space to note that

this is an asterisk-type record. Longden set his mark at a 50-day meeting, averaging 2.1 victories per day. Pincay's 106 were scored at a 75-day meet, his daily average coming to 1.4. Also, in Longden's era Hollywood Park ran only eight races per day as compared to nine a day during Laffit's feat, thus making the new record even more deserving of an asterisk.

AL WESSON

Lake San Marcos, Calif.

RAMIFICATION

Sirs:

Happy endings are rare these days to qualify as news. So let it be recorded that Fordham University's ram mascot, Ramus XXIII (PROPEL, Nov. 22), is alive, well and gambling with the ewes on a farm at Steeple, Conn. after horn surgery. He will be on hand, however, for major athletic events on the Rose Hill campus.

WILLIAM CRAWLEY

Bronx, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to *TIME & LIFE Bldg.*, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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